

ARTHUR'S Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1863.

The Dead Soldier's Ring.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

It was nearing the gray dawn.

Along the dim aisles of the hospital a few nurses moved, ministering to the wants of those who were most in need of care and sympathy. Now and then a faint moan broke the silence—or a sufferer tossed uneasily, and begged some favor of the nurse. One of the latter stopped before the little cot of John Morris, and threw the net back. John was a frank, noble-faced, cheerful-hearted young soldier—only twenty-three. He had borne his sufferings like a man. When he first entered the hospital, he was quite merry over his misfortune—a shattered leg. The doctors, he said, thought it wasn't as serious a case as it might be, and as long as he could keep his leg, why, he was willing to be laid up awhile. Still it was hard not to be able to go with the boys. Poor John Morris, he had a cheerful word for everybody, a smile as bright as the sunshine. Day after day he appeared to be getting better, and everybody who knew him was pleased to hear good news of John Morris.

Suddenly, however, there came a serious change. The surgeons began to knit their brows over poor John—to talk together in low voices, and finally they decided that John's leg must be amputated.

Poor fellow! he heard their decision with a sigh, and begged for a little longer delay, but the case admitted of none. It was death or amputation, and the operation was performed. For days after, he seemed to rally. Now and then there was hope that all would be well—

and never man struggled harder for life than he. So much to live for, so young! so full of energy and ambition! it was very hard to think of death.

On this gray morning, as I said before, the nurse threw back the net from poor John Morris.

"Well, John, how do you feel now?" he asked.

"I am going, Tom, going very fast," whispered the soldier, and his lips quivered like that of a babe—he was so weak!

"O! I hope not, John."

"Yes, it's so," was the quiet reply. "Please give me the picture under my pillow."

It was found and opened for him—the face of a gentle girl smiled in his. Tears rushed to his eyes, and he sobbed—"it's very hard, very hard;" but presently conquered himself. By this time two or three of the nurses had gathered about him. They saw by the sunken temples, the glazing eyes, that his hour had indeed come. As he bade them all farewell, the sun first broke through the clouds of the morning.

"I wish I could stay," he murmured, as he saw the glory of its brightness on the pleasant walls, "but I suppose it's for the best. I try to be resigned. Boys, I should like what little belongs to me, in money and clothes, to be sent to my mother. She's a poor widow. God help her! After I am gone, you can take the ring off my little finger, do it up with the picture there, and send it to Katy Fields, Hoboken, New York. Put down the name, for fear you might forget."

It was done.

"Now, boys, good bye, one and all. I'm

going where there are no battle fields and no hospitals. Tell the fellows in my company, if you ever see any of them, to stick to their colors and never show the white feather. Tell them to be good boys and honor God; that they may lie where I do, and then they will regret all their wasted time and wicked conduct. Good bye."

His faltering tongue refused to say more. It began to be noised through the hospital that John Morris was dying. The sick men had all learned to love him. Two or three zouaves, members of his company, listened to his farewell, crying like little children. They pressed forward to hear one parting word, to get one last pressure of the hand, but the chill of death was too heavily upon him. He could not rally, or turn his dim eyes towards them. Once, twice he breathed the words "mother" and "Katy," and after a few short struggles, his spirit had gone to the Giver.

It was not long before a plain coffin was brought, and the body of John Morris was on its way to the Congressional burying ground. There, sad to say, without prayer or the solemn voice of singing, he was lowered to his last resting place. The birds sang when he was buried, the sun shone, lighting up the checkered aisles of the dead, and making almost beautiful the sombre head-stones that lifted up everywhere.

At the same hour, in a little school-house in Hoboken, the youthful teacher sat before her desk, her head bowed upon her folded arms. Her mind was afar off, wandering through scenes of horror and suffering, such as no man, even, can witness unmoved. Through the long lines of shadowy beds she glided, seeking a familiar face. John had written that his hospital was in a church, and she tried to fancy how their pleasant church would look converted into a hospital. O! if she could only be there! What was he suffering now? She lifted her head and her sad blue eyes, and took from her pocket a letter, poorly written, for the hand that traced it was trembling with pain. In it she read,

"Perhaps I shall come home to my dear ones on crutches. I believe there is no longer any hope of saving the poor leg. I have tried by every means in my power to keep it with me a little longer in the journey through life. 'We have been friends together,' but 'the best of friends must part,' so farewell to my poor minister. It has played me a great many tricks, that left leg. I broke it once, you re-

member, and it was a long time getting well. I was always thankful for the broken leg, because it brought me *you*. What shall I be thankful for now?—what will it bring me now, I wonder? No good, I'm afraid. I believe the boys, nurses, and the doctor, give me credit for being very jolly over it—well, 'what's the use of sighing?' I only wish it was well over. But never fear for me; John has got a good deal of life in him yet, and when I come home I'll learn basket-making, or some of the fine arts, so that my life shall not be entirely valueless. There! isn't this pretty good for a man in anticipation of losing his leg before morning? Tell mother—I can't; she will nearly die—but when you get this 'tis all over, and so farewell, for the present.

Most devotedly yours, etc., etc.

Kate had shed not a few tears over this sad news. That his handsome, manly form should be so disfigured, was not the most of her troubles. But the old mother who had no other earthly dependence; she could not bear the thought that henceforth, in all probability, she must struggle with her son, and know discomfort and penury in her extreme age. The little home, whose purchase John had taken upon himself, was only half paid for, and it was probable that the poor fellow would be disabled from business for at least a year. Then all his plans for the future would be put back—his marriage—his business.

O! the heart-aches occasioned by this war! The tide of desolation as it rolls through the land, sweeps down the sweet hopes of mother and maid, and is swelled by the tears of orphaned children and widowed wives.

Putting the letter back in her pocket, Kate bustled about a little, dried her eyes, threw on her white crape bonnet, and hurried to the cottage of widow Morris.

"Have you a word from John?" was the first salutation.

"Yes, mother, I have."

"Well," the woman, almost breathless, eyed her narrowly.

"He writes in good spirits, but you'll see him coming home bye and bye with a wooden leg," she forced herself to say.

"Then they have cut it off!" cried the widow, shrilly. "My handsome boy—my beautiful, straight-backed boy! O! why did he ever go to this dreadful war? It has broken my heart. Kate, Kate, it's in my mind that he never'll come back—never, never. O! my poor child! Would God I could be with you."

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To all this anguish Kate could say nothing, for she was struggling bitterly with her own feelings. An hour elapsed before she left the widow's home, but all the way she was haunted by her white, despairing face. Then, if he should *never* come back, oh! thought of terror! His misfortune would make no difference to her, no, not if it were doubled. The little money she had saved, two hundred dollars, should be put without reserve into his hands, and by her talents she would assist him. But if he should *never* come back! the thought took away her strength. Arrived at her boarding-house, little Lucy, one of her scholars, took her hand, but said no word. Her face was mournful yet beseeching. Whoever met her, she thought, seemed anxious to avoid her, and sorrow marked every face. She hurried to her room, laboring under a vague presentiment of coming evil. A little package laid upon the table she had left empty. Her heart stopped—all color fled her cheeks, she sank down almost fainting—nor for a sad hour did she dare to face the evil she knew was in store for her.

At last, on her knees, praying God for strength, she cut the strings of the little package. God answered her prayer. He strengthened her, else how could she have lifted that precious ring, or ungloved that miniature-case to behold one lock of curly brown hair! O! yes, God strengthened her, even though as she arose she staggered. Gone—even then under the sod—noble, beautiful, generous John Morris. Never more to laugh, with his bright hazel eye looking into hers—never more to be the leader in all merry sports—never more to bless the heart of his fond, doting mother, who had now no earthly stay or comfort.

It was growing dusk. Kate took the miniature—the ring she put on her finger, and white and trembling, she set out for the widow's house, speaking to nobody on her way. She walked straight into the neat little sitting-room, where the unconscious clock was ticking the hours with monotonous voice. She went up to the widow sitting in the arm-chair, the Bible on her lap—fell on her knees with one great cry—"Mother, I have come to stay with you always," and bending her head upon the Bible sobbed as if her heart was broken. To her astonishment the widow comprehended it all and was calm.

"Child, I know it," she said, in a broken voice—"the Lord told me, even as I read His holy word. God help us two poor women! He will, Kate, He will."

For days thereafter the aged mother was prostrate, but gradually she came out of the great sorrow, and began to set her house in order. John Morris's ring is on the third finger of Kate Fields. As long as it stays there, no man can marry her. The widow is her charge.

"No One to do For, AND NOTHING TO DO WITH."

BY MINNIE W. MAY.

"There, there, children, don't drive me quite crazy! Do take yourselves off out of my sight and hearing. You may dig up all the bricks in the back yard to build forts, and bring all the wood from the cellar to mount for cannon, if you will only let me have a little peace. I shall be thankful if this vacation is ever ended!" Mrs. Greenwood concluded her hasty speech with a long-drawn sigh, and plunging one hand into the capacious basket that stood upon the table beside her, she began, a little impatiently, to look over her afternoon's work.

There were half-worn dresses, which the little owners were fast outgrowing, where tucks must be let down, and seams made narrower; jackets and pants with threadbare elbows and knees, and great rents, where the driving little urchins had come in contact with unfriendly nails; under-garments, destitute of buttons and loops; socks, in all variety of shapes and sizes; and no housekeeper will wonder that a review of all these served in nowise to calm Mrs. Greenwood's disturbed spirit.

"Oh, dear, *dear*, DEAR! I don't believe anybody ever had such a driving, tearing family of children. It's nothing but mend, mend, from one year's end to another. I can't get time to take a stitch for myself; I have so much to do to keep the others decent. I am tired enough with my Saturday's work to go directly to bed; but such a thing isn't to be thought of; tired or sick, I must keep at my work. No one appreciates anything I do, either. Charles is worse than the children; he is so particular. Here is his best coat must have new cord and buttons, or he will not look respectable to go to church to-morrow. It will take me full two hours, and then I shant get even so much as "I thank you," for it. He seems to think all a wife is good for is to take care of his house and children,

and keep his things in order. Now, do hear those children! I'll warrant they have taken me at my word, and gone into the bricks with a vengeance. It will take me another hour to set things to rights in the yard, I suppose. I wish I had never been married, or born, or anything else."

"Oh, Hester, dear child, you don't know what you are saying."

It was Aunt Amy's kind voice that spoke these words, as she drew her chair beside her niece, and took up a piece of work from the overflowing basket.

"Well, don't I have to work dreadful hard, auntie? You will admit I have hardly been idle one moment since you came to visit me;" Mrs. Greenwood spoke in a half apologetical tone.

"Yes, dear, you do have to keep very busy, I know; but didn't I hear Charles telling you this morning you surely ought not to work so hard, and urging you to have help?"

"He knew very well I would not, or he'd never have offered so kindly. I wonder when we should get our house paid for, if I kept a girl, or threw everything by when it came to mending. Oh, Charles knows very well I shall keep on in the same old way, so he feels perfectly safe in telling me not to work so hard. But he may see the time when he will be sorry. I shall wear out by the time we are ready to live, and when he sees his poor little motherless children and his unkept home, he will wish he had been a little more tender of me, I guess. But, no he won't, either; I suppose he will do just as every other man does, have the vacant place filled in a few short months, and all my labor and toil will go to benefit somebody else."

The work dropped from Aunt Amy's hand, and she fixed her tearful eyes upon the troubled face of her niece.

"Hester, do you never think you may be the one to be sorry? You may live to see the time, dear child, when you will be like your poor Aunt Amy—no one to do for, and nothing to do with. I know just how tired you feel, and how everything looks like a mountain of trouble and trial. I can remember so many such days, when I had my home to keep in order, and little active creatures to care for. I used to think my lot was hard sometimes, and would murmur against my husband and my God, and wish in my thoughtless moments I could die and be laid away in the silence and rest of the grave; and yet I did not truly wish so. Had I expected God to take me at

my word, and remove me from my little helpless family, my heart would have been wrung with anguish. Could you but know the weight of my bitter experience, Hester, you would consider yourself the most favored being in existence. Your husband is good and kind, a little thoughtless, maybe; but you know we all are. Your children healthy, intelligent and affectionate; your worldly circumstances are very prosperous for young people. I can look back to the time when I had just such blessings. The dear old home rises before me so distinctly, with my husband and children, just as they were when I was no older than you. Where are they now? Oh, Hester!

"For a half score of years the grass has been waving above that darling husband's grave, and beside it are three little mounds, hiding away the bright, restless heads, that once nestled in my bosom. The other dear ones are grown to man and womanhood, and have gone out into the world, to build homes of their own, and I am all alone. Mine is not a solitary case, Hester. Hardly a family goes on for many years without some such bitter change, and you may one day look back upon this happy time, with all the joy stricken out of your heart. You may have to fold away the garments of your husband and children with no need of mending; you may have no little hungry mouths to feed, and the work of no busy little hands to set in order."

"Don't, Aunt Amy—don't! I cannot bear to hear you talk so." Mrs. Greenwood's voice quivered with emotion. "Oh, I have been so wicked! Why have I not thought of my blessings instead of my trials? I do have everything, don't I, auntie? God forgive me that I ever forget it."

"I know how hard it sometimes is to realize the blessings; but we must live every day, and take our enjoyment as we go along, or we shall never find it. We are getting on finely with the mending, Hester."

"Why, yes, Aunt Amy, how the pile is vanishing. I believe when I finish this basket, I shall be quite even once more. I don't mean to let so many accumulate again, if I can possibly avoid it. Do hear those dear children, what a good time they are having. I was preparing to give them a real scolding, but I believe I shall not. I must try and take a little more interest in their pleasure. Why, Charles, what has sent you home this time of day?"

"Put up your work, little wife; I have

come to take you and the children out to ride. I noticed how weary and pale you were looking at dinner."

"But, Charles, how can I go? The children must have their clothes to wear to school Monday, and your coat must be repaired this afternoon."

"Oh, no, it must not; there isn't the slightest need. It will be cold enough to wear my overcoat, to-morrow, I guess, and that will hide all defects."

"And I will see that the children's clothes are ready," joined Aunt Amy; "so you have no excuse. Call the children, Charles."

Mr. Greenwood went to the window of the back parlor, and opening it softly, looked down into the yard.

"Hester, do come and see what these little imps are up to. They have torn up half the bricks with the help of their little mates, and that will save quite a job, for I have been thinking this long time we ought to have a new floor, this is so broken and rough. We must save the best of the old ones on purpose for the children; they are such military characters just now. I had a little rather they would choose some other sport, but when all their elders are so full of war, we can but expect them to catch the inspiration."

"Fire!" shouted a juvenile voice, and a fall of bricks from the hand of one of the little group, sounded the report from the wooden cannon, which was thrust through the port-holes of the formidable fort. Two of the little company marching up in front dropped heavily to the ground, while the others fell back in a broken, straggling column. A glad shout broke from behind the fort, which would have done credit to half a Federal regiment, and three lusty huzzas were given for the tiny stars and stripes that waved triumphantly upon the battlement.

"Oh, pa!—are you looking?" The words were not spoken very heartily, and the bright face became a trifle clouded, as the blue eyes were turned up to the second story window. "Mother said we might get the bricks. We've had a regular battle. That was the rebel army, and we beat—hurrah!"

"Well, well, my little boy, save a part of your enthusiasm for something else. I have come to take you all out into the country to ride—you and mamma. Come on."

The beaming faces and delighted shouts well repaid the father's effort for the happiness of his little family, and when they were all snugly ensconced in the carriage, driving

out upon the still country road, Hester longed to fold them all tenderly to her heart, and weeping tears of penitence and joy, pray God not to visit her in judgment, but spare her treasures still.

The secret never passed her lips; but her after life proved the depth of her repentance, and when a thoughtless, murmuring word arose to her lips, it was quickly replaced by the solemn, impressive words of Aunt Amy—"No one to do for, and nothing to do with;" and from the dark picture that flashed up before her, came the bright, living contrast, in her own happy home.

Going Home.

BY LAURA J. ARTER.

In sight—almost within the dark shadow of the depot, rolled the calm blue river, bearing on its quiet bosom stately steamers and restless white sails. Beyond, rose up the trees, grand and beautiful as the river itself; their green leaves just touched lightly here and there by autumn's artist; their mighty arms spread out lovingly above the cold waters; while birds fluttered in and out of their foliage, joyous as the sunbeams that seamed with gold the gray robes of the earth. All around me, in vivid contrast with the quiet and peaceful scenery, the stream of travellers flowed in turbulent waves, hurrying and jostling each other, every face expressing its own peculiar joy, or sorrow, or sordid indifference.

My own heart sung a sweet hymn of rejoicing—in another short hour, I should be away from all the confusion, leaving behind me the noisy town, with its never-ceasing bustle and painful unrest. The old homestead in the country, dearer to me than any other spot in the whole world, would take me in its loving shelter. I should listen all the long sunny days to the dropping of nuts, and the sweet chirping of birds. Life would seem purer, and deeper, and holier, when everything around and above me told of the greatness and goodness of God. When even the smallest brown leaf that fluttered in the air, or the tiniest sunbeam playing at hide and seek in the fields of ripened corn should say, "Small as I am, insignificant as I may seem in this great world, God made me to be useful, to work a certain amount of good, and I have performed my duty. Everything, however small, is capable of a certain amount of action, either for good or evil, and as your labor is, so shall your reward be."

I sat thinking thus to myself, wondering if the many persons thronging the depot looked forward with the same joyful anticipations to going home, and pitying those who had no homes to go to. My eyes fell at last on an object that sent, at first, a cold shudder all over me; a feeling half of horror, half of awe. It was a plain dark coffin, sitting on the platform, looking strangely out of place in such a throng, a solemn mockery of the frailty of human life. But the feeling of horror died down in my heart, and my eyes grew misty with tears, as I thought of the cold form lying in its narrow bed; of the hopes and joys and life that had once thrilled it, now faded away forever. He had been a soldier—had gone forth, perchance, with a heart gushing over with a pure love for his injured country; and a strong and earnest determination to do his duty, and if need be, to spill his blood.

I wondered how many times he had sat in the calm starlight, dreaming of those at home—picturing to himself, just how the lamplight fell over the little group in the family sitting-room, at that quiet hour, while his chair stood sadly vacant. Thinking how the true hearts wrapped him in their tender love; how their earnest prayers for his safety fell daily from their quivering lips. How his strong heart must have leaped up with sudden joy as thoughts of the time when he should return to them rushed over him. That going home—that sweet hour of reunion and rest, would it not repay him for all the long days and nights of fatigue and horror; for the weeks that dragged themselves so slowly away, when life hung on a slender thread, and strange, sun-browned faces, took the place of the dear ones at home; and hard, but gentle hands laved his head, instead of the soft white ones he loved so well? Going home! How often had the thought sent new life and courage leaping through his veins!

The hour had come at last—he was on his way homeward; but oh! how differently from what he had hoped and prayed for. The poor pale hands would never again clasp with a warm, glad pressure, the ones that he loved so well to remember. He would pass slowly through the familiar haunts, under the shade of the oak trees where he played in boyhood; over the little stream where he once sailed his miniature boats; by the small church where his darling with her sweet lips bravely vowed to love and live for him forever; up the pebble walk and into his own cottage door, where the sunbeams chased each other through the

vines on the lattice; and yet the heart once so tender, would not stir with a sweet tide of happiness; the fond eyes would not brighten at sight of the graceful head crowned with its wealth of brown braids, which he used to love to smooth and praise, nor at the touch of the red lips he had kissed a thousand times over. Oh! this sad and solemn going home.

Then I thought of the dark grief that would settle itself down into a life-long burden, on the hearts that waited eagerly to hear the voice of peace fall over our mourning land, bringing with it the sound of the firm footstep and the loving accents of the dear voice. No more joyful anticipations, no more loving tasks, no more hopes of a sweet surprise, all had ceased with the endless rest of the tired heart! He was coming home—cold, calm, solemn, immovable! How unlike the warm, cheerful, tender man that shook when he bade them good bye, as no fear of danger on the field of battle had ever shaken him.

Presently some soldiers came and placed the coffin in the cars. How tenderly and solemnly they carried the poor lifeless body! One of them said, softly, "Poor Charlie; poor boy, it will break Mary's heart to see him come home thus."

So the bell rung and I hurried in with the crowd, thanking God that it was not my dear one; and thinking of the pure, freed spirit winging its way from the cold clay to the home of peace, and love, and rest, that awaited it in the "Golden City."

Almost Loved.

BY EMMA PASSMORE.

It was a glorious autumn day when it came to me—the beautiful dream of my life—the short-lived moment of exquisite rapture which thrills and pains every loving woman's heart.

I was sitting with my sister Nathalie in the vari-colored forest, looking up dreamily through the green boughs, just tinged with their golden and crimson flushings, and thinking, as all young girls will, of their future—that future which in fancy knows only rose-colored tints, and visions of gladness, when angel-eyes look lovingly down upon us, and life seems beautiful as a poet's dream. As I was saying, we were seated together, Nathalie and I—she with her bright, sparkling eyes, and roguish smile—that smile which had the power to deepen into one of the loftiest scorn or the most expressive ten-

derness. Very beautiful was my sister Nathalie, and I worshipped her with a kind of wild idolatry—I, who was so plain—so very plain. Her eyes were of that clear transparent color so seldom seen—a deep, dove-like hue, which sometimes seemed darkly, beautifully blue, and at others of the most intense midnight darkness. Her hair, of purplish-black, fell in glossy curls around her snowy shoulders, almost veiling the slender waist. Her cheeks and lips wore the rich glow of carnations, and from the glance of the mysterious eyes, in the impatient tap of the little foot, you read the pride of heart which belonged by right to my sister Nathalie. By right, I say; for was she not the queen of our household, the idol of our parents? and was not her queenly crown set with stars of love—priceless jewels, which numberless manly hearts had wasted upon her? Yes, wasted; for Nathalie as yet had never loved. I think sometimes she pitied; but as she said to me that day, when I ventured to expostulate with her on her coquettish actions—

“Minnie, little sister, is it my fault; or, rather, is it not man’s nature to love the beautiful, both in nature and art?—and you see there is a little of both about me; and, pray, tell me, why they should not bow at my shrine as well as at any other? Poor fellows! they cannot help it, and the most of them have so much assurance that it leaves no room for pity.”

“But, noble hearts have also bowed at your shrine, dear sister; priceless jewels have been laid at your feet, which no woman need have been ashamed to accept. Oh, can you throw away all that is worth living for? Now, tell me truly, sister, have you never loved—never felt one touch of the tender passion?”

“Never, sweet little mentor.”

“Arrived at the mature age of twenty-one years, and have never loved!”

“Oh, yes, I forgot, little sister. You know that beautiful hat that papa brought me from New York the other day? Well, I was standing before the looking-glass, trying it on, and it looked so sweet and becoming, that I positively fell in love with—myself. But that is nothing new, you know; for all Briar-dale says that my heart is cold as an icicle, and that I am a confirmed self-worshipper. I never did love—never want to—never will. Oh, yes, I do love you, little preacher—just a little bit; that is, if you won’t scold so much, and let me do as I please. Tra, la, la!”

And the heedless girl went dancing off, gay

as a butterfly, singing and gathering flowers as she went. Every little while her light laugh broke upon my ear, and I knew that she was thinking over many tableaux, in which her unfortunate lovers had figured conspicuously. All at once I heard a scream, loud, long and piercing. That voice chilled my heart’s blood, for it was my sister Nathalie’s. Rising, I hurried as fast as I could to the spot; but my progress was slow, for I was lame, dear reader, for life. Parting the thick green boughs, a sight met my eyes which curdled the blood in my veins. There stood my beautiful sister, with a poisonous snake coiling round her slender ankle, and its deadly fangs raised, just ready to strike. I sprang forwards with desperate energy, determined to wrench it away, though it should cost me my life, when a strong hand was laid firmly on my arm, and a young man sprang forwards, clenching a knife in one hand, while, by a quick movement, he seized the snake with the other, and cut it loose. Ere I could find voice to speak my terror, the mangled monster lay writhing at our feet. My sister was very pale, and I thought that I had never seen her look more lovely. The mocking spirit had departed from her beautiful eyes, and in its place was one of the most intense gratitude. She gave him her hand, murmuring—

“I cannot find words to thank you, for you have saved my life.”

He took the little hand, and pressed it warmly.

“I do not ask thanks, fair lady, for doing that which I would do for any one in distress, and which was no inconvenience to myself.”

I saw that my sister was vexed, for she bit her red lips, and the color mounted to her transparent cheek, and slightly tinged the broad, white brow. There was something strange in his manner, I thought; could he have heard of her flirting proclivities?”

“Your name is Nathalie Summerfield?” he continued.

“Yes; and yours—”

“Is Reginald Vernon.” He looked proud as she, as he spoke, and yet there was deep admiration in the gaze with which he regarded her. Had he not done so, he would have been the first who had looked upon her without admiration. And he was her equal almost in beauty. Rich waves of golden-brown hair curled round the broad forehead, contrasting strangely with the laughing, jetty eyes beneath. There was a delicate, almost girlish flush on his cheek; but it was in the calm

mouth that his principal beauty lay, for there was something in spite of the firm lines, sweet, almost touching, in its expression.

I stood apart, half shaded by a friendly clump of bushes, a new, strange feeling, struggling at my heart; for in that hour my guardian angel had turned over a new page in my life's record; I felt for the first time that I loved and hopelessly. Oh, how gladly would I have felt the poisonous snake coiling around me, to have received one look of love, or even pity from him. But I stood alone and unnoticed, while he seated himself by my sister's side, and they both indulged in a strain of light conversation; for Nathalie had entirely recovered from her fright, and was her gay self again. It seemed in that half hour that I lived days, so intense, so strange, were the new feelings that I experienced. There was much of pain in them, for I bitterly reflected that love could not be for such as me; and yet, I would not exchange them for those of an hour before. I had reached the El Dorado of woman's life; yet, alas! how mockingly lay its golden sands before me.

I was aroused by my sister's voice, calling— "Minnie! Minnie! where are you?" I walked towards them with a painful consciousness of inferiority, which I always felt when in the presence of my sister and that of a stranger. Mr. Vernon arose, extending his hand with a smile—

"And this is Minnie Summerfield," he said. "I feel almost acquainted already, for I have heard so much of you at my uncle Vernon's, where I have been staying for the last few days. Fred and Fannie are enthusiastic in your praise, and say that every little child in Briardale knows and loves you."

"Yes Minnie is a regular divinity—the best little sister in the world. I don't know how she manages to be so awful good all the time, for I am sure it would kill me positively to be so one hour at a time," laughingly said Nathalie.

He turned towards her with a half-amused expression on his countenance, but it sobered into one of earnest thought as he offered each of us an arm, and we proceeded on our way homeward. I cannot describe to you our walk home through the grand old woods—cannot write to you the peans of triumphant music singing through my brain, and flooding my soul with rapture; but such emotions when once felt, are never forgotten. Looking back through years of pain and sorrow, on the hours which knew them, they come to us as waftings from an "Araby the blest." Leaning

on the arm of him who had first opened the flood-gates of my young heart, life seemed peopled with angels, and earth became almost Heaven. I had given my heart unasked, unsought; but it mattered little, for life had unfolded to me its full fruition. I was in a beautiful garden; the flowers of love and affection were blooming around me—blossoms of hope were hanging from the trees, and wave after wave of music came floating on the distance; but I did not care to reach forth my hand to pluck the flowerets, for I felt it would be useless; they would soon wither in my grasp. As we neared the house, I slid my hand from his arm, and fled round to my favorite arbor, for they were still talking in a strain of light badinage, and I felt that I would not be missed.

* * * * *

Reginald Vernon became an almost daily visitor at our farm-house. Nathalie sang, rode, and talked with him by the hour, and I saw that my gay sister's heart was touched at last. Perhaps love made me more watchful, and gave me a deeper insight into her nature, for though she was still wild and reckless in his presence, I noticed when we were alone, her frequent fits of abstraction, from which she would start with a sigh; and one starry moonlight night I waked to see her walking our room with clasped hands, and murmuring words of endearment—"Reginald! dear Reginald!" I then knew how deep was that love, for through my own heart I had obtained the key to hers. What was very unusual, she would take long walks by herself, never asking me to accompany her. Oh, how my heart yearned towards my idolized sister, and mourned in secret over her seeming estrangement.

Reginald had not visited us for a week, and daily my sister's cheek grew paler and thinner. We had wandered out as was our custom, in the wild-wood, each not knowing whither the other had gone. Seating myself on a grassy mound, behind a ledge of rocks, I commenced twining a wreath of crimson leaves and autumn flowers. The branches wove above a natural arbor, and concealed me from the view of passer-by, while I indulged in those reveries so kindred to my nature. I was startled from my dreams by approaching footsteps, and earnest voices, coming nearer and nearer—the voices of Reginald and his uncle Vernon, but was relieved by seeing them pause a few feet from me, at the foot of a large elm, while they continued their conversation.

"I can't think how you can make any comparison between the sisters," resumed the elder Vernon. "It is true the elder has been somewhat of a coquette; but she will settle down in time. She is a glorious creature, my boy, and will make a wife that half the world will envy you—one that any man might well be proud of. Besides, she has an independent fortune in her own right, which, joined to what her father will be able to leave her, will make her quite an heiress. You know we old men always look at these things. Better win her—that is, if you can; but I promise you no easy task, for scores have failed in that direction, both in city and country."

"You know, uncle, that I do not care for wealth; I have enough to satisfy me, and when I marry, I want a wife in the true sense of the word, and must confess that I prefer at present quiet little Minnie, with her soft gray eyes and wavy brown hair, to her more brilliant sister. She makes me think of a sweet wild rose-bud, or a modest violet, just gemmed with morning dew."

"Tut, tut! none of your poetry for me, my boy; I don't understand it; but, take my word for it, you'd better marry a wife that won't disgrace you—one that you won't be ashamed to introduce to your fashionable friends. Why, that plain little thing! you would tire of her in a week; you surely don't mean to propose to her?"

"Why, I certainly have not seriously thought of it yet, for I am afraid she either dislikes or fears me, and I can seldom get a chance to speak more than a word to her. She is either very shy, or else don't fancy your humble servant; so don't be uneasy, uncle."

"Well, I am glad of it; it would be a pity for your attractions to be thrown away on a girl like her; besides, she is lame."

"The lameness is scarcely perceptible now; but, let us change the subject, for you know I will choose my own wife, anyhow."

"Yes, yes; you were always a contrary fellow, like myself; but I trust you will choose my little favorite, Nathalie, for——"

The remainder of the sentence was lost to me, as they turned and passed on in the opposite direction. I felt weak and faint from excess of joy. He then had thought of me—even now, almost loved me; for I noticed the deep tenderness with which he spoke my name. Oh, could the deep feelings of my heart but be returned in all their fulness, life would be an Eden indeed. But there came a reaction;

Nathalie loved him with all her passionate nature, and I, should he even dare to wed me, would only be a disgrace to him. The thought was madness. No, I would rather suffer years of anguish, than bring him one pang of pain. I threw myself back on the turf, with mixed feelings of joy and sorrow, and in doing this, I caught, through an opening in the rocks, a glimpse of Nathalie on the other side, weeping bitterly. The thought flashed across me in a moment. She had heard all. Her tears moved me painfully, it being the first time I had seen her weep since her childhood.

"My darling sister, thou hast always been loved, and to thee I owe the tenderest—almost the only love which hath brightened my pathway. I will not stand in thy way now," I murmured to myself—"it is happiness enough to know that he has almost loved me."

I arose, and passed with noiseless footsteps to the house. My resolve was taken. I would leave my home, and go to my aunt Esther's, with whom I had always been a favorite, and knew that she at least would welcome me gladly. Entering the yard, I was met by the outstretched hand of Reginald, who had preceded me.

"Good evening, Minnie! Are we never going to be friends? Floyd and Fannie are complaining dreadfully that I keep you from uncle's. Now, tell me that I have not done so."

He seated me by his side on the porch, and holding my hand with gentle firmness, called himself my father confessor. Though they were only trivial questions that he asked, I felt his keen eyes reading my face, which flushed in spite of myself; but I thought of Nathalie, and by a desperate effort, subdued all outward emotion, as I replied—

"You must think yourself of a great deal of consequence, Mr. Reginald. I have little time left for visiting, as I leave for P—— in a week."

"Going away!—you going away! Why, Minnie, this is sudden—unexpected. What shall we all do without you, and how long do you remain?"

"Perhaps forever," trembled on my lips; but a sudden faintness seized me, and I would have fallen, had not his strong arm sustained me.

"Why, Minnie, child, how white you are! The night air is not good for you. I will bid you good evening, and you must take care of yourself—darling."

He murmured the last word half unconsciously to himself, but how it sent the lava tide

rushing through my veins. He held my hand close for an instant, and seemed about to speak, but I checked him, with—

"See! there is Nathalie. You must not go, Mr. Reginald; stay—good-night."

I passed in, and went quickly up to my bedroom, and sat down by the open window, looking out upon the calm, starry night—so peaceful, so pure—so different from my wildly-throbbing heart. Long through the evening I heard them singing as of old, and their merry voices jarred strangely on my o'er-strained nerves. I knew that Nathalie was now in truth bent on winning him, and that night I prayed that she might succeed; that, though it should crush all the life from my tortured heart, my darling sister might be happy. Yes, there God gave me strength to pray that prayer. Have you ever felt that all most precious might be yours, and yet you dared not grasp it? That love—unbounded love awaited you—a cup of nectar, held by unseen hands to your lips, and yet you dared not drink from it? An Eden, with its rose-crowned hills and grassy fields, and yet you had not the power to enter? Kneeling, praying for her, with form bathed in silvery moonbeams, I realized this in all its fulness. Long I wrestled with myself, feeling the dark clouds still o'ershadowing me—the stormy billows of sorrow rolling o'er me, till at last it seemed as if half the bitterness was taken away—peace folded its wings o'er my heart, and, like a weary child, I fell asleep. Sweet dreams came to me of glorious music and white-browed angels, while one more beautiful than the rest laid his hand on my forehead, and murmured—"All is well! all is well! Child, it is only through suffering and tribulation that we can enter into the courts of the Most High."

Morning dawned in all its beauty, but for me there was no rest. Henceforth I felt that action, unwearied action alone could ease the gnawing at my heart-strings; yet she must be happy, my idolized one, my glorious sister, cost what it might. Gradually I schooled myself to look upon her future. I saw her joyously radiant, arrayed in her bridal robes, standing before the marriage altar, and he was by her side. He who I felt might have been mine, had I so willed it. I painted her as the happy wife, presiding over his splendid mansion, surrounded by hosts of admiring friends, the cynosure of all eyes, and he too was there, pride beaming from every noble feature. Alas! he never could be proud of me. Oh!

no, I was so plain, so hopelessly plain. The week passed swiftly by in preparations for my departure, and at last the morning for leave-taking came. I was arrayed in my travelling dress, standing in the little arbor that I had loved so much, where I had come to take a last look at familiar scenes, that perhaps I might not gaze upon again for years, and think upon the happy hours which Nathalie and I had spent together ere we both knew the fullest awakening of woman's life. Bidding a fond adieu to the trees and flowers, the clinging vines and trellised bowers, I was preparing to depart, when a hand parted the grape-vines and Reginald Vernon stood before me.

"Out among your sister spirits, the birds and flowers, Miss Minnie. They will miss you, I think. Do you know I sometimes think they hold communion"—He did not finish the sentence, for a large nosegay fell at our feet, and Nathalie appeared at the entrance, radiantly beautiful.

"Write to me, will you, little Minnie?" He bent his head till his brown curls almost touched my darker ones, and his breath fanned my cheek.

"Do you know that I have penetrated your *nom de plume*—know to whom we are indebted for the sweet songs with which your sister and I have whiled away many happy hours, and that I would prize a correspondence with the author very much."

"Certainly, I will answer all letters addressed to me by friends," I answered, coldly. "Good bye!"

He released my hand quickly, and made room for my sister as I passed from the arbor.

A few days found me in the city of P——, amid new scenes, trying to forget my life's great bitterness. To my Aunt Esther all had been revealed, for suffering herself from an early disappointment, I knew that there in her kind heart I could find rest and sympathy. She was my father's youngest sister, and had never married. In early youth she must have been very lovely, for at the age of forty she was still a noble looking woman. The dark waving hair was smoothed plainly back in glossy bands from a brow of marble whiteness, and the holy spiritual eyes had in them a look of heaven. Around the full red lips there lingered a smile of wondrous sweetness, and yet it was one born of suffering, which only lingers on the countenances of those who have passed through the deep waters of tribulation, and have ascended on the heavenly

side. Hers was a loveliness more to be felt than described, and pen or pencil were powerless to portray the matchless beauty of my Aunt Esther.

On making her my confidante she confided to me her own heart-history, reserving only as I had done the name of the loved and lost one. Separated by pride and misunderstanding—which so often bars from each other young and loving hearts—their lives had drifted far apart. He had married, and she still remained true to her first and only love. How I honored her for it.

It came at last, the news that I so much dreaded yet wished to hear. They were "engaged," so Nathalie wrote, and aunt and I must be at Briardale the coming week to assist in preparations for the wedding.

"Reginald Vernon, how strange!" I heard my aunt murmur as she read the letter. "So that was his name, poor child!" she said, stroking my hair, "it has been an unfortunate name for both of us."

"Oh aunt, I cannot, cannot go!" She pressed her warm lips to my forehead ere she said—

"Minnie, would you pause now in your self-sacrifice. Do you not know that it is only through suffering we grow strong and arrive at the true perfectness of life?"

"Such natures as ours can bear almost anything, but you have truly said 'it would kill Nathalie to see her first idol broken and laid in dust at her feet.' Even if you have acted unwisely it is too late to repent now, dear child. Let us kneel and pray for God to give us strength."

Oh! the power of that prayer; the incense fell upon my soul like dew on parched flowers, and my heart learned there to lay its burden of care on the bosom of God.

I arose, strengthened and purified, ready to take up the burden of life again without a murmur. Preparations were soon made for our departure to Briardale, and we were on our homeward journey. I cannot write with what delight my father greeted his pet sister, and even I, plain and neglected as I had always been, was welcomed home with joy from my year's absence.

Autumn again had put on her robes of crimson and gold, and the dry leaves rustled beneath our tread, as Aunt Esther and I pursued our way to the familiar haunts that she had known in girlhood. Arm in arm we walked to-

gether 'neath the maple boughs, and talked of our future;—she laying plans for my advancement, and I listening, for we should always live together, aunt said. Reginald and Nathalie had also wandered out to enjoy the beautiful scenery, and we came near them ere we knew it, seated on a grassy bank, subdued from their old mirthfulness at thought, no doubt, of the approaching solemn rites which were to unite them forever.

"How beautiful!" burst from my aunt's lips, as she gazed on the pair; and beautiful truly they were, he with his deep thoughtful eyes and noble presence, and she so full of life and happiness, with the rich carnations brightening on her cheeks, and deep love beaming from every feature.

But list! what step is that in the undergrowth of bushes behind them. My heart stood still as I saw a stooping, crouching figure almost at her side, but my tongue was dumb with terror. Too late! too late! to warn them—the report of a pistol was heard. The ball had entered my sister's heart, and she lay bleeding and dying on the turf.

"So die, false one!" a hoarse voice shouted. "Did you think after destroying so many hearts to enjoy happiness yourself," and ere the palsied hand of Reginald could arrest the mad speaker, another report was heard, and the murderer and the murdered lay dead at our feet.

Swiftly was the news borne to the agonized household, but my parents regarded the messenger with a cold, stony gaze—they wept not, for their agony was too deep for tears. And there lay Francis Devereaux, a rejected lover of Nathalie's, whom she had lured on till his love became almost madness,—there he lay with her picture on his heart, and his hands stained with her young life-blood; truly his was a bitter revenge! leaving a blight as it did o'er all our family circle. In all that agonized household, Aunt Esther alone was calm and collected; she passed among us like a ministering angel, speaking words of comfort, and binding up the bleeding hearts.

Reginald sat alone in the library with a face like marble, seeming to shun the presence of every one.

"Poor boy! how he does suffer!" I heard my mother say, "and to-day they were to have been married. I trust his father will come soon, for perhaps his presence will soften his stony grief."

Thus my parents' sympathy was given only to Reginald; they thought not of me, crushed

in spirit as I was by the loss, for oh! how I loved her. Reginald's mother had died ere he learned to lip her name, but his surviving parent, as soon as news came of the dreadful affliction, hastened to the scene of sorrow.

He came, a noble looking man, with deep blue eyes and dark wavy hair, in which a few threads of silver were faintly scattered. He did not resemble Reginald, save in the expressive mouth and the rare smile which had such a touch of sadness in it.

"May I look at your sister?" he asked, after we had conversed a few moments together, for the rest had abandoned themselves to their wild grief, and could not see a stranger. "Poor Reginald! poor boy! his turn has come to drink from life's bitter cup, God alone can comfort him now."

I led the way to the upper room, where they had robbed her for the grave in her bridal dress of rich satin and lace and wreath of orange blossoms, for this was to have been her bridal day. Poor Nathalie.

"How beautiful!" he murmured, as he laid his hand on her icy forehead. "So lovely in death, what must she have been in life. So young to die! what a sad lot! and yet it is better than mine, to live on with blighted hopes and broken affections through long weary years. My child, I see that you also have suffered, but remember that it is only through suffering that we arrive at perfect peace."

I heard a stifled sob, and turning saw my aunt with her back towards us in the recess of a window weeping bitterly. It was the first time that I had seen her mourning for the dead, though I knew that she oft wept in secret. Striving to gain her composure, and seeing she was perceived, she came forward towards us and pressed round on the opposite side of the coffin.

"This is Mr. Vernon aunt"—their eyes met.

"Esther!"

"Paul!"

"And is it thus we meet after long, long years!"

There was a clasping of hands—one holy kiss, and I passed quickly out, for I knew that my Aunt Esther's heart had at last found rest.

We laid her away in her girlish beauty, my darling sister Nathalie, with the little hands folded over the still, white bosom, and the dark curls lying motionless on the satin pillow. Reginald and I had scarcely spoken since that dreadful day; it seemed as if a wide gulf lay between us, and after the body was laid to rest he took his departure for a far

distant land; but in the elder Mr. Vernon I found that sympathy which a father had never given, yet perhaps it was because I was such a favorite with my aunt, for they seemed now almost inseparable, and she, oh! how radiant she looked in her new happiness.

There was a quiet wedding in our parlor a few months after my sister's burial. The bride was still in mourning, and though youthful in appearance, was no longer young, but it was a union of souls both for earth and heaven. How fervently I prayed for God's choicest blessings to rest on Uncle Paul and Aunt Esther. "You will go with us," they said, when about to depart on their wedding tour; but no! I could not, for I felt it my duty to remain with my parents, who drooped daily beneath their dreadful affliction. In a year I followed my broken-hearted mother to the grave, and my father did not long survive her; but they lived long enough to return my affection in all its fullness, and I became loved as even Nathalie never had been.

"You must come to us," my uncle wrote, "you will be our child now, little Minnie. Poor lamb! how tired, how weary you must be of your life-struggles. We will be your father and mother, and you shall never leave us again."

And so I have found a home with those I love best, and my weary spirit folded its troubled wings, and I at last have found peace. From my heart's fulness have I written, and again take up life's refrain, which is not all of sorrow. The chaplet of fame has been placed almost unsought around my brow; but what care I for fame. The laurel leaves and fragrant flowers can never satisfy a woman's loving heart; and there are times when I cannot still its wild throbbings. 'Tis well he is not here, else it might betray me. I sit in my little room with the firelight painting fanciful pictures on the wall, and playing hide and seek among the crimson curtains. The time once was when I dreamed that my life's happiness was forever wrecked, yet still there is much worth living for. I sit here, thinking how much good we can do in the world, and in doing so only make our heavenly life the brighter—how many widows and orphans there are to be succored—how many hearts to be comforted, and bleeding wounds to be bound up. Ah! yes, it is only in living for others that we are truly blessed.

It has been a month since I wrote the fore-

Out in the World.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER I.

Undisciplined, wayward, sometimes petulant—pure, warm-hearted, loving. Life was simple feeling. And such was Madeline Spencer when she took upon herself the vows of wifehood. Her husband, Carl Jansen, was older by five or six years; a young man of placid exterior and thoughtful habits, but sensitive and proud. He had, by long continued effort, learned to govern himself; or, in exacter phrase, to hide what he felt from observation—to maintain a calm outside, even under strong interior excitement. He was considerate of those around him, as well from natural kind feelings as from a certain ground of principle; but, there was also in this consideration, a desire to stand well in the opinion of others. This love of approbation had been, in fact, a strong element in the work of self-discipline which had for years been in progress.

Jansen was selfish, as are all men, no matter of what culture or training, who have simply developed on the natural plane of life under natural motives. He had controlled his passionate impulses, not because they were evil in themselves, but because their exhibition would shadow his good name, or hurt his worldly interests. He was polite, deferential, calm, orderly, kind; in a word, gentlemanly in his whole deportment; but not from Christian ethics. It was not because he desired the well being—the happiness—of others, that he was so considerate of their comfort, convenience, or pleasure. It is questionable whether he ever regarded this. How will it appear?—what will be thought? Herein lay the boundary of motive; but not the conscious boundary,—let this be said in Jansen's favor. He thought himself better than he was. We say it not in reproach—he did not know himself.

No matter to what extent this culture of man's natural mind may go, the good exterior will only be an assumed beauty. The root will draw nutrition from the soil of selfishness. Out in the world, the man may counterfeit the saintliest virtues. At home, he will be what he is; and the reactions of home, if against his weaknesses and desires, will give another form to his life—hard, harsh, angry; it may be cruel. He will not prefer another to himself, as on the social plane, where he bids for fair opinions; he will not yield in seeming

going, and oh! what changes a month can bring. To-day my soul is singing psalms of thanksgiving, and I feel that I am almost too happy, so richly am I blessed, for that which I scarcely dared to hope for is mine—Reginald's love.

He came to us just three weeks ago, after three years' absence. There was a constraint in our intercourse, an avoiding of each other, which I saw pained my aunt and uncle very much; but I could not help it, for I feared lest he should read my secret.

It was in the quiet hush of the twilight that my aunt came to me just one week ago, and placing her arm around me, said,

"I saw how it would end, Minnie, Reginald was talking of leaving us again, so I told him all, and in return he has told me that he loved you better than you ever dreamed—has always loved you. Minnie, the best part of your life shall not be wasted as mine has been. See, Reginald waits to hear the assurance from your own lips that he is really loved."

We were left alone together, and oh! the fulness of that hour, when heart spoke back to heart, and each felt that its weary pilgrimage was over. Yes, I at last have found rest, and when spring comes with her mantle of green and coronal of flowers, I have promised to be his wife. Wife! Oh! what a holy name! how full of golden promise the life spread out before me! God grant to make me worthy of it!

I have just finished writing, and Reginald has taken up the manuscript and read the title.

"Why have you written *almost*, why not *wholly* loved? for surely none can be truer, deeper, holier than ours, strengthened as it is by time and sorrow—is it not so, Minnie?"

SECRET OF COMFORT.—Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict pains, and a single hair may stop a vast machine, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases.

A witty dentist having labored in vain to extract a decayed tooth from a lady's mouth, gave up the task with the felicitous apology: "The fact is, madam, it seems impossible for anything bad to come out of your mouth."

bland good nature, the point of argument; will not consider and excuse faults of character nor read human nature against himself.

Undisciplined, wayward, petulant, yet pure, warm-hearted and loving. Such, in brief, was Madeline Spencer when she became Mrs. Jansen. And the young husband was exteriorly placid and thoughtful, but sensitive and proud. Such unions do not afford large promise of happiness; but they quicken all the elements of life—give rapid growth of character—and make men and women stronger for good or evil. They eliminate the saint, or develop the fiend.

An observer, writing in a kind of playful seriousness, on the phenomena of love, says that one man is enamored of a curl, another of a graceful ankle, a third of blue or brown eyes, a fourth of a swan-like neck, a fifth of a Grecian profile, and so on; the real character and quality of the enchantress rarely if ever coming into view, thus making marriage something akin to blind guess-work. Alas for many, when the curl loses its crisp circles; when the ankle's fine symmetry departs; when the blue eyes grow leaden, and the brown eyes swim in tears; when the neck shrinks into lines and angles, and the fine profile mocks an expressionless or peevish face!

It was the beauty of Madeline that first attracted Jansen; the beauty of her whole face when life flowed into it—the life of joy. Her complexion was of that pure, transparent pink and white, seen occasionally, and always so charming if accompanied by regular features; in her case made more striking by hazel eyes, close brown eyebrows, and long lashes of the same color. If the eyes had been blue, Jansen might not have been captivated. The brown eyes did the final work. Love takes for granted almost everything. The curl represents grace of mind; the blue eyes tenderness; the brown eyes depth of feeling; the nobly formed neck dignity of character; the clear cut profile internal symmetry. Love takes all for granted. Never questions—never doubts; and goes blindly to the altar.

Undisciplined, wayward, and sometime petulant, for all the pinky flesh and chestnut eyes! Jansen might have seen this; he did see it in fact—but, in his infatuation doubted the evidence. There was an error in the observation, he thought, some false adjustment of the instrument. It was impossible for imperfections like these to dwell in a casket so fair to look upon.

After the wedding day—after the honey-

moon, came the sober realities, the plain facts of married life; and none escape them. The worshipped divinity steps down from her pedestal and becomes a woman; still fair, beloved, and worshipped, but not at the old distance. If she be a true, disciplined woman, unselfish (in the ordinary acceptance of the term), and generously or lovingly inclined to minister in all things to her husband's happiness, comfort, and convenience, there will be, unless he is a tyrant or a brute, a home in which peace can fold her wings. But, if she be not so disciplined and unselfish, but petulant, wayward, thoughtless, the chances are all on the other side. If, back of this petulance, and thoughtless waywardness, lie purity, truth, and a generous loving nature, the husband will be equally to blame with the wife, if clouds instead of sunshine hang over their dwelling place—nay, more to blame; for by virtue of his mental constitution, he may lift himself into regions of calm thought more easily than his wife, and so, rise out of the blindness of mere impulse. She loves and feels most; he dwells most in thought—and should let reason give clear sight and a just self-control.

Now, in the case of Jansen, there was, as we have seen, a habit of self-control. But, we have seen also, that this was not grounded in any spiritual motive; but was simply natural—that is, selfish. He loved the good opinion of others—liked to stand fair with the world; and so guarded himself, lest at any time he should betray unmanly weaknesses, passion, ill-nature, or hardness of character. The self-control, therefore, was not a restraint of wrong impulses, lest they should prove harmful to others; but a restraint lest they should, through some reaction, hurt himself. Just so far, and no farther, had Carl Jansen gone in the great work of soul-discipline, at the period of his marriage. As for his beautiful young wife, she had not yet taken her first lesson in self-command. Her impulses were her rulers. As she felt, so she acted. Her early training had not been wisely ordered. Her father had been indulgent, and her mother blind and weak. Naturally gifted, her mind imbibed rapidly, and she was better educated than most young women of her age. For music she had a passion. She performed with a taste and skill rarely acquired, and sang with a richness of vocalization, and absorbed feeling, that always drew a crowd around her when, in any large company, she sat down to the piano.

In this passion for music, Carl Jansen had no share. A few notes, or a few bars, when they first struck on his ears, came in waves of sweetness; but, like honey to the taste, this sweetness soon palled on the sense. After a few minutes, he would fail to perceive any response in his soul; and thought would wander from the vibrant strings, no longer discriminating chords or passages, and merely dwelling, half conscious of their presence, in a maze of sound, that disturbed rather than tranquillized his feelings. He generally experienced a sense of relief—particularly in social companies—when, to use his own words, “the piano ceased its humdrumming.” He had never said this to Madeline before marriage. Oh no. That would have been inconsistent with his world-side character. On the contrary, he affected a polite enthusiasm for music, and would stand, as if entranced, by the piano, asking her to play piece after piece, even while wearied with the sound of jarring chords, and impatient of her long-continued beating of the keys. This he called politeness, and consideration for those with whom we associate. It was on the plane of his assumed gentlemanly bearing towards the world; but its mainspring was selfishness. He was enamored of the maiden; he was the lover and the wooer; and every act was designed to conciliate her favor—as every act before the world was to win the world’s regard.

Herein lay the danger to happiness. This outside, with Carl Jansen, did not present the real man. That shrunk away and hid itself under smoother and compliant exteriors—looked out stealthily from blinds—was always standing on guard. It was different with Madeline. She had no concealments—never tried to veil her petulance or waywardness, more than her loving impulses. Every heart-beat showed itself in her transparent countenance. You saw the state of her feelings in her eyes. It was not a mirror only, it was a crystal window. You could look down through it into her soul. In every changing state, the past state with her was forgotten—she lived so wholly in the present. She was pure—she was true; but ignorant of the world, impulsive, wayward, and, for lack of discipline, self-willed. As to hereditary quality she was a better woman than Jansen was a man—more sincere—less concealed. Yet, with all this, there lay undeveloped with her, strength of character—power of endurance; and a pride not easily quickened, but having

latent elements that, once inflamed with life, would make her inflexible as iron.

CHAPTER II.

After the wedding day—after the honeymoon, came the sober reality, the plain facts of married life; and none escape them. The worshipped divinity steps down from her pedestal, and becomes a woman; still fair, beloved, and worshipped, but not at the old distance. We repeat these unwelcome sentences—unwelcome to many, because the words will bear to them a meaning beyond their literal sense.

It was not long before the divinity of Carl Jansen’s new home stepped down before his eyes, and revealed herself as human, in whom were human weaknesses and human faults. The all-compliant lover was not merged, gracefully, into the all-compliant husband. Why should there be wooing, after winning and possession? A new order of things must follow marriage; an entire change of relation between the woman and the man. Before, the will of Madeline was his law; now, his will must be her law. There is a vast difference between the two relations; and the substitution of the one for the other cannot take place without a jar. If Jansen had been less selfish, and thence clearer seeing—able to change in perceptions, his stand point for that occupied by his young wife—the shadow of a cloud, dark enough to hold a tempest in its bosom, need not have fallen so quickly upon their lives. But, he had a cold, inflexible nature, which, to the world, veiled itself under warm and soft exteriors—and had so veiled itself to the maiden, Madeline. To her, he had ever seemed warm and yielding. Nothing hard, icy, or exacting, had appeared in all the happy months of waiting for the blissful day that was to make them one. She felt that he was all tenderness, all love; and that she could rest on his manly strength, and hide herself, like a tired child, when life had weary or sad moments, in sweet abandonment on his breast.

Alas for her disappointment! She awoke with a start—a shock—a wound—arose shuddering, yet in anger, and with a new consciousness of strength. There had been disturbances in her sleep—a troubled sense of pain and wrong—strange dreams that hurt and frightened her—a kind of vague nightmare, changing all at once to a gibbering phantom on her breast, when she awoke with a cry—awoke, never to sleep the old tranquil sleep again.

Let us come to particulars. The awaking was in this wise. Keep in mind the two characters with which we are dealing. The one undisciplined, impulsive, self-willed, independent; the other cold, orderly, inflexible, and sensitive to the world's opinion. How will it appear? governed his life in its social aspect. Is it right, and agreeable to myself? governed hers. She rarely, if ever, thought about what others might say or think of her—while he felt himself to be under constant observation.

It was five months after their marriage. During that time, the young husband had been gradually changing in the eyes of his wife, and putting on new forms of character. The honey-moon had scarcely passed, ere a jar was felt. Pain and surprise followed—vague questionings,—bewilderment,—doubt. Madeline pondered the fact, not comprehending it—pondered it, sitting in the edge of a shadow, that was advancing, black and cold, upon her life. Another jar—more questionings—deeper bewilderment—stranger doubts—the shadow still advancing. What was meant? What portended? She had entered a new region, and was losing her way. The path along which her feet had moved in dancing measure, grew all at once narrower, and she began looking to her steps; and then, as her eyes, from a vague instinct of danger, ran forwards, the path lost itself to vision. She trembled and grew afraid—sat down and wept. And this happened ere two months had passed since the bridal kiss lay sweet upon her lips.

How imperfectly do we understand each other. We move side by side, dwell in the same household, commune together, enter into the most intimate and sacred relations, and yet, continually misapprehend and falsely interpret one another. Each is a mystery—a human temple, into the penetralia of which none but God may enter. In just the degree that we selfishly live our own lives—that is, seek our own pleasures, and do our own will, are we in danger of misapprehending and misinterpreting others. Their acts, (all we really see of them,) if they fail to square with our rule of thinking—if they touch our sense of propriety, or interfere with our comfort or convenience, are read against them as signs of perverseness, moral defection, wrong intent, or evil desire; and we respond, in our action, to the assumed meaning of theirs. In so responding, were the truth really known to us, we should find ourselves wrong twice in three

times. But, we too rarely get down to the truth in these things. Our reactions upon assumed perverseness or evil, are met by counter-reactions, and we grow blinder and falsier in our judgments. Pride and anger rise up to cloud still more our better reason, and too often, alas! we lift the hand to punish where there has been no sin. If men and women made it a rule always to suppose good instead of evil touching the doubtful actions of those to whom they bear intimate relations, there would be peace and unity with tens and tens of thousands, who now perversely wound and hinder one another—turning the honey of their lives into vinegar and gall.

Both Jansen and his wife were strongly marked as to individuality of character, living so completely in their own ideas of life, as to render adequate sympathy with the peculiar ideas and sympathies of another nearly impossible. Herein lay the ground of danger. This was the barrier to unity and happiness. He was always guarding and hiding from the world his weaknesses and peculiarities—dropping down a veil when he appeared abroad—questioning as to how it would sound or seem, ere the impulse to speak or act found ultimatum. She, on the contrary, was a standing revelation of herself. Never on her guard—never asking what this one or the other might say or think—ruled by her impulses—sunny, showery, petulant, tender, passionate. Her heart beat along the surface of her life, and you might count the pulsations. It was this perpetual revelation of herself that constituted the veil of mystery, beyond which the eyes of Jansen could not penetrate—caused his mis-interpretations, and stimulated his impatience. He could not understand her character—far less, sympathize with her.

At the end of five months—after a troubled sleep, in which strange dreams had hurt and frightened the young wife—there came a full awakening. The stealthy, intruding, suffocating, weird nightmare, suddenly revealed, as we have said, its hideous form, and she sprung from sleep, with a cry of fear. It was in this wise:—

Beautiful, gifted, fascinating in manner, social, and gratified with the attentions that were lavished upon her, Mrs. Jansen was not in the least inclined to withdraw herself from the pleasant circles wherein she had shone as a star. Now, this did not please her husband. He wanted her more for himself, and felt disturbed when he saw her enjoying the company of other men. Hindrances had been

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thrown in her way which only annoyed instead of impeding her. He watched her narrowly when in society, and she was constantly detecting the half-suspicious glances of his cold, wary eyes, a circumstance that did not cause reflection or concession, but only awakened pride, and led her farther away from the paths in which he desired her to walk.

Carl Jansen was a merchant, living and doing business in the city of New York. As our story has nothing to do with his business life, we shall not weary the reader with dry descriptions of his store, his clerks, or his customers. In regard to personal appearance, a few words must suffice. In stature, he was five feet eight inches—not stout—straight and symmetrical. He was always well dressed; had dark, fine hair, a little wavy; and clearly defined, smooth eyebrows, handsomely arched. Eyes nearly black. Side whiskers, just a little wavy, like his hair, and similar as to color. His profile was almost classic, and like chiselled marble in its pure outlines; but the face itself was nearly as pale and cold as marble. "A perfect face," was often said, when the eyes first rested thereon; but, the more you studied it, the less you were satisfied—the less perfect it seemed. There was defect in something that gave the sign of a true and noble manhood. You had an impression of narrowness instead of breadth—of littleness instead of grandeur. It was a face, the calm surface of which was rarely broken. There might be a tempest below, but few signs thereof would be revealed in his placid countenance. He knew, perfectly, the art of hiding what he felt; of restraining the flow of passionate blood ere it put a stain of betrayal on his cheek. Such men get credit for virtues not always possessed.

Carl Jansen left his store one evening in November, a little before six o'clock. It was almost dark. He took a stage in Broadway, just above Wall street. Two or three vacant places remained—one at the forward part of the stage, to which he passed. Before reaching John street, the stage had its complement of twelve passengers. The last man who entered, was a person well known to Jansen. A gentleman sitting next to him recognized this person as he came in, and made room for him. He did not observe Jansen. There was some defect in the stage lamp, and it went out soon after passing the Astor House; in consequence, the faces of the passengers were all in deep shadow. The last comer had not observed our merchant, who sat crowded into the corner of the seat, and who, being a

smaller man than his immediate neighbor, was quite concealed. The two men were, it soon appeared, intimate acquaintances. The one known to Jansen was named Guyton. He was a small Wall street broker, of no very fair record, but a specious, insinuating, shrewd, self-determined man, who was making his way in the world, and did not mean to fail through lack of wit and effort. He had a smooth tongue, a gracious manner, a rhinoceros skin, and a conscience without scruple.

"You will be at the club to-night?" Jansen heard his immediate neighbor say to Guyton, as they were passing Barclay street.

"No; I have something better than the club on hand."

"Ah! What?"

The two men drew close together, speaking almost into each other's ears. The rattle of the stage prevented their voices from being heard by the passengers sitting opposite; but, Guyton's face being turned towards Mr. Jansen, he, by leaning and hearkening with an almost breathless attention, managed to get nearly every word that was spoken.

"A party at Mrs. Woodbine's. Were you not invited?"

"The Woodbines and I don't take to each other. They are very nice people, no doubt; but, a little stuck up, since Woodbine ventured into the California trade, and came out winner instead of loser."

"It's the way of the world, you know," said Guyton. "But they give fine entertainments, and you meet some charming people there."

"Who?"

"There is one in particular. Do you know Carl Jansen?"

"Of Maiden Lane?"

"Yes; at least, I know of him."

"Have you met his wife?"

"Never."

"They've only been married a few months. But she is lovely! Wears the sunniest face you ever looked upon. A perfect enchantress! I am just going to meet her."

"You are!" Jansen did not fail to note the surprised tone in which this response was made.

"Yes; she's the attraction. I wish you could hear her sing. She has the most perfect voice I ever heard in a woman. It is divine."

"Does the lady respond to your admiration?"

Just then, in making way for a down-coming stage, the one in which they were riding

turned short towards the pavement, and the hind wheels grinding against the curb-stone, drowned the voice that answered; and so the eager, tingling ears of the surprised husband did not catch the reply. What he did hear from Guyton's companion, was not calculated to soothe his feelings. The sentence was this:—

"A little vanity in so good a looking fellow as you are may be pardoned. If, however, an old stager's advice be worth anything, let me suggest prudence. Trouble is apt to come of these things. Honesty is found to be the best policy in the long run, whether a man's gold or his wife be considered. You'd better come to the club."

"No, thank you! Not small beer when I can get the flavor of wine."

"How is Eric to-day?" Guyton's companion changed the subject.

"Flat," was answered.

"Hudson river?"

"Advanced a half. If you have a few thousands to spare, now is your time. It's on the upward move."

"Do you think so?"

"I know so."

Jansen shrunk back into his corner of the stage with a mingled feeling of pain, anger and mortification. Nothing more of what passed between the two men reached his ears. Did a suspicion touching his wife cross his mind? No—not the shade of a suspicion. He believed her to be true and pure, and it almost maddened him to think that the breath of such a man as Guyton should fall upon her cheek. The particular attentions of this man to Madeline on two or three recent occasions had not escaped his observation. He understood something of their meaning now.

But, how was he to deal with Madeline? How save her from contact with a person whose eyes he saw, in fancy, looking at her with the greed of a sensualist and a villain? The two men left the stage before him, and, unembarrassed by their presence, he pondered this new question, that seemed more difficult of solution with every repeated effort to reach an answer. Madeline herself had proved an enigma. He had, so far, failed to comprehend her character. She did not seem to reflect—had no worldly wisdom—no suspicions—no prudence. Her feelings were her leaders, and carried her whithersoever they would. Every effort so far made, whether gentle or firm, to hold her back from the social life in which

she found so much enjoyment, had been fruitless. The feeble arguments he could educe on the side of "moping at home," as she said, were to her as weak as gossamer. She blew them away at a breath.

"Life was given us to enjoy, Carl," she sometimes answered him in playful seriousness, "and we cannot enjoy it alone. The heart is social. It must have friends. Home is sweet—but the sweetest and purest lake that ever smiled back into the blue sky, or reflected the light of stars, will grow vile and death-breeding, if its waters be not renewed and agitated by the influx of streams. Because we have created a home, shall we retire into it and selfishly shut the door—letting none pass over our threshold nor crossing it ourselves? This would indeed be folly! No, no, Carl! We must not imitate the folly that is making so many homes in our land little better than gloomy cloisters. Does the marriage vow involve a renunciation of the world? Is the wife a simple devotee?—a nun?—I must be pardoned for thinking differently."

Carl might as profitably have talked to the wind as to argue against his wife. All this was, with her, a matter of perception. She saw it; and reasons to the contrary were to her as words without meaning. In all his efforts to draw her to his way of thinking—where it ran counter to what she saw and felt to be right—he had, so far, entirely failed. There was either a playful setting of him aside, or a more sober, but resolute, advance in the ways she saw it right to go. These were not perverse, doubtful, or dangerous ways; but simply the old ways amid social pleasures wherein she had walked for a few bright years; where Carl had walked also; and where they had met as lovers. In his eyes she had graced these ways once—was their most beautiful ornament—but now, she seemed out of her sphere there. It had been well enough for the maiden, but was not for the wife. The conversation just heard in the stage, confirmed all his objections to her love of society. But he was not clear as to the propriety of reporting this conversation—at least not for the present. His experience with Madeline caused him to hesitate. He was never certain of the way in which she would respond to a communication in any manner bearing upon her conduct. In most cases, she had acted in clear opposition to his way of thinking.

Carl Jansen, on reaching home, found his wife in the midst of elaborate toilette prepara-

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tions, though it was yet full two hours before Mrs. Woodbine's guests would begin to present themselves. His face did not light up with its accustomed smiles on meeting her. He was too sober—too annoyed—for smiles. His eyes, clear and cold at all times, were particularly cold now; his face clouded; his lips compressed with unusual firmness. His presence, to the warm, light heart of Madeline, fell like a shade.

"What's the matter? Are you sick?" she asked, resting her eyes on his face, and trying to read every line of expression.

He said something about a slight headache; but his manner was reserved. As this was not the first time her husband had come home in a strange humor, on a like occasion, Madeline partly guessed the cause. A state of irritation followed. Jansen saw this change of feeling writing itself in her tell-tale eyes and face, and it sobered and discouraged him still more. Excess of feeling, while it blinded her, stimulated her self-will. He had gained experience of this already.

"There is no use in opposition," he said, to himself. "She will go, spite of anything I can say."

He might have told her of what he had heard in the stage. But, that would have been no reason for her remaining at home; only for a guarded demeanor towards Mr. Guyton. As the communication of this incident, at the time, would effect nothing, Jansen felt constrained still to keep it in his own possession. He would, of course, not lose sight of Madeline for a moment—would linger near her as much as possible; and watch Guyton with eagle eyes.

In this spirit he went with his wife to Mrs. Woodbine's.

CHAPTER III.

They were silent by the way—he, from a brooding, questioning, bound state of feeling; she, partly from the intrusion of his unhappy condition of mind, and partly, because she knew that to speak of her pleasant anticipations would meet with no cheerful response.

Mrs. Woodbine's elegant suite of drawing-rooms, from the last of which opened her choicely stocked conservatory, were almost filled with guests when Carl Jansen and his wife arrived. They had entered, Madeline leaning on her husband's arm; been received by Mr. and Mrs. Woodbine; and were moving down the room, amid richly attired women and their

attendants, when Mr. Guyton presented himself with a face all smiles and courtesy, and said, with the assured familiarity of a favored friend—

"Ah, Mrs. Jansen! I've been looking for you! Good evening, Mr. Jansen! Let me take the care of your lady off of your hands."

And before Jansen had time to think, Madeline's hand had been withdrawn from his arm, and she was moving away, leaning on the arm of the very man whom, of all men living, he at that time most detested. What was to be done? Anything, or nothing? For once in his life, there were red stains of passion in his cheeks. He knew it by their burning glow; and, in fear lest he should betray the almost maddening strife of feeling that seemed as if it would bear him beyond self-control, he moved out of the circle of observation as far as possible. But, he did not lose sight of his wife. How perfectly at home she was with Mr. Guyton! How familiarly did she lean towards him, looking up into his face, and answering him with sunny smiles and bright laughing eyes! He was an attractive man; taller in stature than Mr. Jansen, and altogether of a more imposing exterior. His manners were polished—his tastes cultivated; and he had fine conversational powers. Altogether he was a man to shine in society—one that fascinated women.

As Jansen's eyes followed them, a cold, dull sense of fear, that hurt as it stealthily intruded, crept through his heart. What did this mean? The unhappy man looked inward, searchingly, and found a new sensation, full of pain. Love had taken the alarm; and, suddenly, a mailed knight was by her side, with sword unsheathed. Under the half shut visor, you saw the gleam of a cruel eye. It was jealousy.

Now, in most cases, jealousy sees through an obscuring medium, and gives false report of every act. The purest smile is an invitation to step aside from paths of virtue; the simplest motion a betrayal of design; a foregone admission of evil distorts and changes everything.

Like a dissolving view, almost suddenly, yet by a strange, gradual blending with, and substitution of one thing for another, the scene before Carl Jansen put on new features, and a new significance. There was a dangerous tempter beside his wife—she was in peril. There was safety only in her withdrawal from his alluring sphere. This idea took entire possession of Jansen's mind. But, how

was this withdrawal to be effected? He was yet in the midst of his perplexed and troubled thoughts, when he observed Madeline and her companion pass from one of the drawing-rooms into the conservatory. As he was moving to follow them, he found himself face to face with a lady acquaintance, who said, as they recognized each other—

"I've been looking at your wife, Mr. Jansen. She is lovely."

The lady was not a flatterer; but a frank, outspoken friend, well enough acquainted to assume liberties of speech.

"I've never seen her look better than she does to-night," she continued. "Perfectly charming. Everybody is in love with her! I wonder you are not jealous. I should be, were I a man, and had such a beautiful, fascinating creature for a wife."

"A poor compliment to both yourself and wife that would be, taking the supposed case as real," said Jansen, trying to answer indifferently. But, his voice had no music in it. The tones were dull and husky.

"I believe you *are* jealous!" said the lady, in playful banter, passing her fan lightly before his face. "For shame!"

Once more, a rare thing for Jansen, the color rose to his cheeks, and he felt that he was betraying himself. A third person joining them at the moment, there was opportunity for dropping a theme which to him had proved almost painfully embarrassing. Full twenty minutes elapsed before he could disengage himself from these two ladies. During this time his watchful eyes had been upon the door leading into the conservatory; but his wife had not yet reappeared.

Jealousy moves, always, with circumspection—has stealthy, but quick-seeing eyes.—Veils alertness under forms of indifference.—Pretends not to observe, when every sense is acute. Jansen entered the conservatory with the air of a half absent-minded person, and stood near the door, in pretended admiration of a flowering cactus. He bent to the curious, irregular mass of vegetation—touched its fluted sides—felt of its prickly spines, and stooped to its crimson blossoms as if to find some odors there; yet, thought was scarcely noticing the plant, and his eyes, as he leaned over it, were looking between its branches, and along the green-house alleys. But their search was not satisfactory. A little farther away from the entrance depended a basket, in which an air plant was imitating a butterfly; and so perfect, at first sight, was the

semblance, that Jansen was half deceived, and stepped closer to solve the illusion. The bright eyes and painted wings were but the coloring of a leaf.

"Isn't it exquisite, Carl?" Jansen started to find his wife near him. She was still in the company of Guyton. Her face was alive with beauty and feeling. She looked more lovely than she had ever appeared. "You will find some rare and beautiful things here," she added. "I have enjoyed them so much. Be sure to look at Mrs. Woodbine's pansies, at the lower end. Such richness and variety in the coloring, I have never seen."

In the next moment, she had vanished with her attendant, passing again to the drawing-rooms, and leaving her husband to the companionship of flowers. For a short time, he stood bewildered; then advanced a little way down the conservatory—stood, apparently, in admiration of a large orange tree; and then, turning, went back to the parlors. Through these, he searched in vain for his wife. She was no where to be seen. Presently music was heard. It came from one of the upper rooms. A few, who loved music, left the crowded apartments below, and went up stairs. Jansen stood in the hall, near the stair-way, in a state of indecision. A voice, clear and sweet, stole out on the air above, and came floating down. There was a pause in the movement about Jansen—a pause to listen.

"That's your wife," said one who happened to be near the young man.

At this moment, another voice, rich and deep, swelled out, in accord with the fine soprano.

"And that's Guyton," added the same person. "He's a glorious singer. Come!"

The speaker moved to the stairs, and Jansen accompanied him. They went up, and following the rich sounds, entered a large front chamber, which had been arranged as a music-room for the occasion. The sight which there met the eyes of Jansen was in no respect calculated to soothe his disturbed feelings. The piano was so arranged that you could see the performers' faces. Madeline was seated at the instrument, and Guyton standing beside her. They were singing a duet. Guyton turned the music, and in doing so, bent, with a closeness of contact, and a familiarity of manner, that struck the husband as an outrage; sometimes dropping, during a pause in his part, a word in the ear of Mrs. Jansen. At the conclusion of the piece, Madeline, who seemed to be conscious of no presence but

that of her companion, lifted to his her bright eyes and glowing face, and received, with evident signs of pleasure, the compliments he lavished.

Jansen was on fire! With difficulty he restrained an impulse prompting him to cross the room to where the performers were engaged, and invite his wife to accompany him down stairs. The act would have been an outrage; and he was able to see this clearly enough to prevent the folly. For nearly half an hour, he was doomed to the sufferings of a purgatory. The singers were enchanted with the music, and as he read their feelings in their countenances, with each other also. Madeline had never looked to him more ravishingly beautiful. Light flashed from her face and eyes, and floated around her glossy curls and gemmed head-dress, like a halo.

Dancing had commenced in the parlors; and this was gradually diminishing the company gathered in the music-room. Jansen was among those who lingered. A brilliant little Italian song had been sung by Madeline, and she was sitting quietly for a moment in the pause that followed, when Guyton bent down and said something. Smiles of consent and pleasure danced over her face, and she arose from the music stool and took his proffered arm. They were half across the room, when Jansen stood in their way, and looking coldly, almost sternly at his wife, said, in an undertone—

"I want you for a moment." Then bowing with an excess of formality to her companion, he said to him—

"Pray excuse her, Mr. Guyton."

Madeline looked seriously annoyed. Guyton was surprised, and stared at Mr. Jansen with falling brows, like one offended by a rudeness. He returned the bow quite as formally as it had been given, and left the young husband and his wife in the now almost deserted room.

"You are forgetting yourself, Madeline," said Jansen, as soon as they were sufficiently alone to escape particular notice. His eyes were riddles to his wife. What new, strange, dark meanings were looking out of them? They were full of accusation; were sharp with anger.

"I do not understand you," she replied; and she did not. The color had almost all gone out of her face, that was rosy as blushing May scarcely a moment back.

Jansen was excited and in mental obscurity. "Perhaps I can make it clear," he said, speaking in a tone of irony.

"Do, if you please!" His hardness was communicating itself. Madeline looked at him with shut lips, and cold eyes. He had broken upon her happiness too suddenly, and in a way that stirred her anger. She felt that there was something of outrage in his inexplicable conduct.

"There are some men with whom it is not prudent for a young wife to be seen in too close familiarity."

"Carl Jansen! Is it possible!" She was startled and indignant.

"I speak soberly," he returned.

"So much the worse," was answered quickly, and with a hot flushing of the face, which had grown so pale a little while before. "Your wife appreciates the compliment!"

"Don't make light of things that I regard as serious, Madeline; and, particularly, don't make light of this." He spoke in a warning way. "I am in no temper for trifling to-night. What I have seen and heard, justifies me in all I am saying and doing."

"And pray, sir, what have you seen and heard to-night?" demanded Mrs. Jansen, drawing a little away from her husband, and looking at him with flashing eyes.

"Enough," he said, "to warn me of danger to your good fame."

She turned from him with an offended air, and had receded a pace or two, when he moved forward to her side, and bending close to her ear, whispered—

"I am going home, and desire you to accompany me."

Madeline stood still instantly. She did not turn her face, nor look at him. Only a moment to reflection was given—no, not to reflection, but to the hindering of quickly springing impulse. Passion had away; but passion hiding itself from common observation. She answered in a firm, low voice—

"At one o'clock, I shall be ready to accompany you, not before."

"Madeline!" The tone was in warning.

"At one. Not a minute before." And she left him and went down stairs.

It was full twenty minutes before Jansen had sufficient possession of himself to venture into the drawing-rooms again. There was dancing, and his wife was on the floor—her partner, Mr. Guyton. He stood looking at them, as if under a spell. Every time the hand of his wife touched that of her handsome partner, a fiery thrill would run along his nerves, and strike on his brain with a shock. She moved before him, an image of surpassing

loveliness—an embodiment of pleasure. There was nowhere to be read on her joyous countenance the faintest sign of troubled thought. It seemed as if the memory of what had passed a little while before was wholly obliterated from her consciousness.

"Is she heartless! Does she defy me?" O jealousy! Blind, suspicious, cruel; how quickly dost thou lead the soul astray! Jansen moved back, and went into the hall, where he was out of sight of the dancers.

"I said that I was going home," he spoke with himself, "and what I say I mean. She made light of it. Very well! She shall know me better. My word is the law of my actions. I speak, and do. I said that I was going and I shall go."

It was one o'clock. Half the company had retired. The drawing-rooms were no longer crowded, as few except the dancers remained. For all the sunny face, and light, joyous manner of Mrs. Jansen, even as her husband looked at her in anger of this very joyousness, there was the weight, as of a leaden hand, lying on her bosom. And this had grown heavier and heavier, as the hours passed, until its pressure was almost suffocating. She had been dancing a set. The figures were completed, and the music ceased.

"I must find my husband," she said, partly aloud, and partly to herself, gliding away from her partner, and moving from room to room. Not seeing him, she passed to the hall, and then up stairs.

"Have you seen anything of my husband, Mrs. Woodbine?" she asked of the lady hostess, as she met her on the landing.

"No. Isn't he down stairs?"

"I think not."

"Perhaps you will find him in the music room. There are several gentlemen there."

But he was not in the music room. Mrs. Jansen went gliding down stairs, almost holding her breath. The hand that lay on her bosom grew heavier and heavier. Through the glass door of the conservatory, she saw figures moving among the plants. She went in, and along the fragrant aisles, but failed to meet the object of her search.

"Have you seen anything of my husband?" The question was asked of a friend whom she met on coming out of the conservatory.

"Not lately. Perhaps he is in the gentlemen's dressing-room."

"If you see him, please say that I have gone for my cloak and hood, and will be down in a few moments."

"Certainly." And the gentleman bowed.

It took Mrs. Jansen only a few minutes to get ready for departure. Cloaked and hooded, she came down stairs, eagerly searching with her eyes among the gentlemen who waited in the hall for her husband. But he was not among them. Disappointed, she drew back, up the stairs.

"Have you seen anything of my husband?" Again this question was repeated. She spoke to Mr. Woodbine.

"Indeed I have not, Mrs. Jansen."

"Wont you be kind enough to ascertain for me if he is in the gentlemen's dressing-room?"

"With pleasure."

"Say, if you please, that I am all ready."

A sofa stood in the upper hall. Mrs. Jansen was feeling very weak. Her limbs trembled. She went up from the landing, on which she had met Mr. Woodbine, and sat down on this sofa.

"Why, how pale you are, Mrs. Jansen!" exclaimed a lady who came up at the moment.

"Don't you feel well?"

"Not very," Madeline answered, faintly.

"You have danced too much. I feared you would overdo yourself." The lady friend drew a bottle of smelling salts from her pocket, and handed it to Mrs. Jansen. The pungent odor, stimulating her brain, partly revived her.

"You should have been more prudent. It was on my lip to suggest this two or three times. Where is your husband?"

"I am expecting him every moment. Mr. Woodbine has gone to the dressing-room to tell him I am ready."

Two or three ladies by this time stood before Madeline.

"What's the matter?" "Is she sick?"

"How very white she is!" These short sentences passed from one to another.

"I can't find anything of your husband," said Mr. Woodbine, joining, soon after, the group. One of my servants says that he went out nearly three hours ago, and that he doesn't remember having seen him since. And now that I think of it— Bless me!" His tone and manner changed instantly. "Catch her! She's falling!"

Madeline's head had dropped suddenly on her bosom, and she was slipping to the floor. Eager arms caught her, and laid her back on the sofa. She was colorless as marble, and insensible!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

I'm Waiting, Harry.

BY ANNA M. SPAULDING.

I'm waiting at the door, Harry,
And looking down the street,
Just as I did the autumn noon
When your departing feet
Their last tracks left upon the sand—
Their last sounds on the air,
That died, together with my words
Of blessing and of prayer.

I'm thinking as I look, Harry,
How only this last June
We came together up the road
You've passed again so soon.
I'm thinking what we thought of then—
Our prospects, hopes and plans,
When first we saw how like 'twas here
To our lost prairie lands.

We told each other then, Harry,
How home-like it would seem,
We did not know a trumpet-call
Would wake us from the dream.
We knew that for your country's sake
You had enlisted twice,
But when the government said "wait,"
We thought it would suffice.

I dare not wish you back, Harry,
Unless the war should cease;
I only pray that we shall hail
Together friends and peace.
I strive to cheer my heart all day
With looking for that joy,
Asking of God that no great grief
Shall cloud it or destroy.

And so I wait with hope, Harry,
With more of hope than fear,
Although I count the creeping hours
Not *always* in good cheer;
Because you know I cannot be
As happy, while alone,
As I shall be when you come back
To claim again your own.

The home we thought to make, Harry,
That new home by the hill,
Lies all uncleared and desolate,
Untenanted and still.
The little house grows weather-stained,
The underbrush grows tall,
And nothing pleasant can be seen
Save wild flowers of the fall.

But you are doing now, Harry,
A nobler work by far,
And I can wait for home and you
Until the end of war.

Home would not be a home for me,
However rich and grand,
If built by hands that would not strike
For our dear native land.

Then know that I shall wait, Harry,
If Heaven spares my life,
With strength and courage worthy of
A *Union soldier's wife*.
Know that the fragile form you feared
Without your strength would fall,
Shall be upheld by patriotism
And faith, as by a wall.

Then let it cheer your heart, Harry,
To know that I am strong,
And never fear I'm growing weak
Because time seems so long;
But strike for Union and for Peace—
For rights of every State,
Then haste! receive the crown of love
I'm wreathing while I wait.

Word Wounds.

BY HELEN R. CUTLER.

I dined once at the house of a man hitherto a stranger to me. He was bland enough at table, and seemed desirous to acquit himself well in the entertainment of his guests. In the discharge of this duty, he displayed a fund of intelligence that riveted attention, and prevented even the most determined botanizers of character from analyzing his moral qualities.

Presently, a boy came in, bringing something that was needed at table. He made some mistake with regard to it—did something different from what his master wished or expected. The accustomed smile did not leave his face, but he spoke a few words to the boy in a tone full of daggers' points. The strokes struck home to his unarméd nature. Though he made no sign, as he stood directly opposite, I could see that his cheek blanched suddenly to a deathly pallor, and the muscles about his white lips moved convulsively. But he stood, rigid, immovable, like the statue of stone into which those tones seemed to have turned him, until a motion of his master bade him go, when he turned and left the room, with such an expression of utter helplessness and hopelessness.

What waves of indignation rose and swelled in my breast as our host resumed his bland conversation with his guests. His smooth words pelted my ears like pebbles. I looked around, to see if the scene had made the same

impression upon any other it did upon me. One only, I perceived, had viewed it in its true light and character. The lightning glance of intelligence that passed between us, revealed to each the thought of the other. Each had seen the wounds inflicted by a viewless weapon, upon a sensitive spirit. We could well imagine the shock, and the smart, and the sting left behind. The boy was of a delicate organization, nervous and timid, and it was probably his anxiety to do right, that caused his mistake. I learned, later, something of his history, coupled with laudations of his benefactor! His mother was a poor widow, bedridden with an incurable asthma. A relative living near, had received her into his house, but had no employment for the boy, and could not afford to support him. Mr. Benton, our host, offered to receive the boy into his own family. What a fortunate thing it was, everybody said. Mr. Benton would provide well for him, for the trifling services he was able to render, and he would be near his mother, which would be a great comfort to him, as well as to her; for he was a most devoted and affectionate son—willing always to make any sacrifice of his own tastes and preferences, to secure peace and ease to her. The idea of her son's good fortune, after Mr. Benton's offer, really buoyed her up so, that her friends almost thought she might recover, from the added strength hope and joy gave; for she had often been depressed by fear and anxiety for her son's future.

He was installed at Mr. Benton's and his labors were light, running of errands, waiting a little at table, and the like. He always appeared well dressed, went to church and Sabbath-school on Sunday, and was even permitted to receive lessons from a private tutor, whom Mr. Benton also wished to benefit.

These things looked well—they were well—*all* saw them and all approved. But, how is this? Amid all these privileges—with all his creature comforts cared for; for Mrs. Benton is an estimable woman, and sees that none under her charge suffer for these things—with all this, the boy droops, his cheek becomes pale and hollow, there is a hungry, wistful look, in his eyes—a fearfulness in his air, that tell of anything but calm enjoyment. Is it that he is separated from his mother? He sees her every day—sees her more comfortable for his new position, not only in the satisfaction it brings her that he has gained it, but Mr. Benton in his bountifulness bestows upon

her a weekly stipend, in addition to his provision for the boy. Can anything be more generous? all exclaim.

And Mr. Benton means to be generous, and thinks he is generous. What wots he of the wounds and lacerations of spirit he causes?

"Why does he stay there?" I asked of the friend who gave me this peep below the surface.

"What can he do?" she answered. "He is near his mother, and she is made comfortable by the thought that her son is well provided for. Could he distress her by an awakening to the true state of the case—tell her that though his life was fair outwardly, it was embittered by sharp rebuffs and cutting sneers, not only for his mistakes, but sometimes for his best efforts. He would rather endure much, than bring upon her the suffering this would cause her."

"If Mr. Benton must have a victim as a safety-valve for his ill-feeling, why does he choose one helpless and defenceless?" I said.

"Is it manly—is it noble?"

But he does not see the matter in its true light. How many for this reason give spirit wounds and bruises, unseen, (not those as of a surgeon, which are given to heal, nor against an enemy, for defence) but which smart and rankle worse than those of the flesh. They are filled with horror at accounts of bayoneting wounded soldiers—they bayonet wounded hearts.

The Test.

BY MRS. A. C. B. ALLARD.

CHAPTER I.

"We are coming home, mother, to spend thanksgiving with you; and who do you think comprises the *we*. Uncle Robert, cousins Florence, and Edith, and your own daughter, Ellie."

"I fancy you now, holding up your hands in surprise and delight; and hear you exclaim, 'Well, who would have thought it? Robert, coming to New Hampshire to spend thanksgiving with me;' and you need not shade your face, dear mother, to conceal those drops which overflow from the fountains of your loving heart."

"Uncle Robert talks of nothing else. He says he would 'make a pilgrimage from Kentucky to Europe, to spend one of those old-fashioned thankgivings; such, as when the family all gathered around the old red brick hearth. Ah, that old brick hearth,' he says,

possessed a greater charm than the marble ones of his own luxurious home.

"A man's heart often gets heavy with his purse, Ellie," he said to me one evening, as he was talking of the days when he used to go to school in the old red school-house, at the foot of the hill.

"Uncle Robert has one of those natures which retains, and sets apart as holy, those portions of life which are interwoven with the emotions of the heart. He is never weary of talking of the places which he and Esther must visit; the old grave-yard; grandfather's orchard; and the spring in the rock, around which, he says, you used to gather violets; and knowing Uncle Robert, mother, you will not be surprised, when I tell you that his eyes filled with tears when I told him that the old walnut, which used to hang over the rock, had been cut down.

"How I admire a man of that fine texture, which gathers all the little shining pearls of feeling, which men of course would suppose belong only to women.

"I have prepared a little surprise for him, mother. He supposes that Elder Austin, who was in the prime of life when he left Clayton, twenty years ago, dead; and I have not undeceived him. Now, mother, what I have planned, is to have Elder Austin at our thanksgiving dinner; what will Uncle Robert say? How I long for the time when I shall again form one of your group; for although to one of my æsthetic temperament, the luxury, harmony, and grandeur of Uncle Robert's princely Kentucky home, is like the odor of flowers to the olfactory, and my love of the beautiful is daily banqueted, how wisely it is arranged, that even these acknowledge the supremacy of the heart.

"Tell Alice to practice in her music every day until we arrive. I want my aristocratic, but warm-hearted, Southern cousins, to see that the anemones that bloom among the granite hills, are not in any respect inferior to the regal southern dahlias.

"I have a secret for your ear, mother, which I would rather trust my pen than my lips to communicate, for then you will not see the color, which I feel now, burning in my cheeks. That presence, which is to woman's heart as the sunrise to the morning, illuminating and glorifying, awakening rich flowers whose petals were closed in the darkness, has arisen upon my life, and singing birds exult in the dawn, as the songsters welcome the blush of aurora, which heralds her lover approach.

"If I did not know the fineness of your nature, dear mother, I should not say this to you; but, although time has bleached the darkness from your hair, your youthful sympathies have bloomed beyond his power; and I feel that your own heart will pulsate more deeply and richly, for the great thrill of happiness which is trembling in your child. This is all I will tell you, until again in my New England home, and then you shall hear all.

"Uncle Robert has come in where I am writing, and says, 'Tell Esther to send her carriage to the depot, at the hour the morning train arrives; for Providence favoring, we shall all be there, without fail;' and until then, no more from your absent ELLIE."

Mrs. Cloud perused the above letter with a face of light and shade; her features were not exquisitely symmetrical, but fair and fine-toned; it was a ripe face, and you felt, gazing upon it, that the rain and sunshine which had fallen in upon the fifty years of her life, had matured the vintage of her soul and mind, until the bright clusters of thought and feeling hung rich and purple in the arbors of her spirit.

In reading the latter part of Ellie's letter, with the sympathetic joy she felt for her daughter, blended a fear that sorrow might be in store for her finely wrought, sensitive child. She knew that Ellie's heart had not been easily won; and, that when embarking upon the rosy waters upon which she was now sailing, that she had freighted her bark with all the pearls of her young life's gathering; and she felt how entirely happiness would be wrecked, should the rich freight go down beneath the waves of disappointment.

But she did not muse long; a visit from an only brother, whom she had not seen for ten years, was too great an event for her mind to remain in a contemplative state; and she read to the family who were waiting with expectant faces, the portion of Ellie's letter relative to the visit; the effect was electric.

"Guess who's coming!" exclaimed Charlie, a blue-eyed, curly-head, of eight, to his older and more sedate brother, Edwin, who, with satchel in hand, just came in from school. "Uncle Robert is coming home with sister Ellie, in two weeks; and I shouldn't wonder if he brought me a whole boxful of presents."

"I hope he will, Charlie, and then you will share with me, won't you?" but master Charlie not considering his brother's sympathy as unselfish as became an elder brother, ran off to

find among his playfellows a group to dazzle with his brilliant expectations.

At length the last day of the two weeks, which formed the gulf between the meeting of the friends, arrived; and before the starry regiments retreated from the triumphal banners of light, the Cloud family were stirring; and the cackling of chickens, rattling of dishes, grinding of spices, and beating of eggs, gave evidence that the grand thanksgiving dinner siege had begun.

"Shall I make the pumpkin pies, Mrs. Cloud?" called the girl, to that lady, who had gone into the cellar to put away the mince pies and fruit cake.

"Not for the world, Eunice! get the cream, milk, spices and eggs ready; but Robert must have just such a piece of pie for his dinner as mother used to make. You can make the dressing for the turkey, and the floating island, but I know just the taste brother will expect the pumpkin pie to have. You see, Eunice," apologized Mrs. Cloud, "mother's pumpkin pies were considered the best in the neighborhood; and a piece like hers will make our thanksgiving dinner to-day, seem more like the last one he spent with us, when father sat at the head of the table, and mother was in her seat; but they will both be vacant to-day;" and a tear lighted, with its soft brilliance, the mellow eyes of Mrs. Cloud.

"Mother, can you leave now? it is ten, and they will be here at eleven," vibrated the sweet, gentle voice of Alice Cloud, as she came to the dining-room door, where her mother was helping to arrange the table.

"Yes, in a few minutes, Alice; everything is doing so well; the turkey is a beautiful russet, and so tender; the cakes are perfect; and the jar of currant jelly which I opened this morning, is as bright and clear as a ruby. I never had better luck with mince and pumpkin pies; and now, Eunice, if you think you can manage, I will prepare to receive them!" and she followed her daughter to her dressing-room.

"What shall I wear, Alice?"

"Your brown merino, mother; let me baste this strip of edging around the neck; and if you have nothing more for me to do, I will go and dress, for there goes the carriage to meet them at the depot. Oh, mother, I am such a plain, unpolished girl, that I am afraid my brilliant, beautiful cousins will hardly think me worth their notice."

"Just be yourself, my dear," replied Mrs.

Cloud, as she looked after the fawn-like girl, with her spiritual face and delicate figure.

"The carriage is coming, mother! they are coming," shouted Charlie, an hour later, as with cap in hand, he came flying down stairs.

"I saw them from the corner-room window!"

"Are you sure, Charlie?" Mrs. Cloud tried to speak steadily, but there was a nervous haste in her words; but the boy was out of hearing, and the family, who assembled upon the broad door-step, caught a glimpse of the carriage as it came around a bend in the road, a quarter of a mile distant. Mrs. Cloud quickly stepped into the parlor:—

"Now, Father Austin, retire into that room, and I will come in when dinner is ready, and take you into the dining-room by another door."

"There is Ellie, looking from the carriage window, bowing and smiling," said Alice, her violet eyes humid with joy.

The carriage stopped; a gentleman with dark hair, threaded with silver, stepped out and approached Mrs. Cloud. At first, she could not recognize him as the brother whom she had seen ten years before, with the lustre upon his dark brown hair; but the same eyes were there, reflecting the same soul, and with a voice which broke in a sob, she pronounced her brother's name; "Robert;" "Esther;" for some moments no other words were spoken. At length the greetings were over, and Alice was taken quite by surprise at the warmth with which her cousins embraced her.

"She is a perfect spirituelle!" said Florence to Edith, as soon as they were alone. "I had not expected to admire her as much as Cousin Ellie; but her nature is a delicate mezzotint, while Ellie's is richly colored."

The dinner hour arrived, and when each had been assigned his place at the table, the old pastor quietly entered, and extending his hands, asked a blessing upon the meal before them.

Robert Ashley listened in bewilderment; and when it was concluded, looked inquiringly at Mrs. Cloud.

"Don't you know Elder Austin?" asked Mrs. Cloud.

"Not our old minister, Esther? I heard that he was dead, five years ago."

"The same, Robert, who gave to you this hand twenty-five years ago, when you became a member of our church," replied the venerable old man, as he extended his hand; but tears were choking the utterance of both; and the

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silence, which is more powerful than words, was not broken, until the wave of emotion again returned to the depths of feeling.

"This is next to seeing my own father here," trembled Mr. Ashley's voice. "Among all the pleasures anticipated, I had not expected this."

"Your father has taken a higher seat, Robert, and I am only waiting among the trees, in the evening, to hear the voice of my Lord calling me," replied the old pastor, as he stood there, wearing upon his brow the benediction of a peaceful spirit.

Mrs. Cloud was amply repaid in her efforts to make her dinner puritanic in its character, by her brother's keen appreciation of everything which reminded him of thanksgiving at the homestead; and when it was over, he expressed a belief of having been plunged into the fabulous fountain of youth; as he could by no other means, have slipped back twenty-five years of his life, which this dinner being a reality, he must have done he said.

"The fountain has not taken the silver threading from your hair, father," said Florence.

"No, but it has washed some of the indentations of care from my heart, my dear; and now, girls, get your hats, and if Ellie and Alice will go with us, I will take you to the old stone house where I was born."

CHAPTER II.

Ellie Cloud was a true New Hampshire girl. Born and reared among the granite hills, whose pure air imparts that tinge to the clear cheek, which is sometimes found upon the enamel of shells. She had one of those symmetrical natures seldom found; uniting the practical and imaginative; a combination which is becoming so rare among the people of the nineteenth century.

We are cultivating one or two branches upon the tree of life, throwing into them all the sap of existence, while the other boughs are neglected; and, as a result, there are but few characters, when viewed upon all sides, whose disproportion does not painfully meet the eye.

Ellie's nature was happily an exception; over the base of the practical and useful, ran the graceful foliage which composed the æsthetic temperament. Ardent in her feelings, she embraced with her whole heart, every cause of which she became the friend.

Her visit at her uncle's was during the last presidential campaign, when a strong wave of

feeling was surging from the gulf to the Potomac. But Ellie had lived too near Bunker Hill, to hear whispers of "disunion" without a thrill of indignation.

She had met, while at her uncle's, a gentleman just returned from a northern college, Walter Talcott, a young man of great promise and personal attraction; and Ellie Cloud, who had never before seen one to whom she felt she could yield unconditional homage, acknowledged her heart a conquered province, and Walter Talcott its conqueror.

The last month spent at her uncle's, while she was wearing upon her finger that "round hoop of gold," in which was encircled the hopes of a whole life to her, was a blissful, enchanted dream. Sleeping or waking, the anthem of her heart thrilled its music. How she longed to tell her mother and Alice of the idol which she had set up in her heart; and the evening following their arrival at her home, after their guests retired, the three sat alone by the fire, and while its light mingled with the blushes upon her face, she described to them her first meeting with Mr. Talcott, and closed the narration, by holding up in the flickering light, the betrothal ring.

"It is a diamond!" said Alice, with an eye to its pecuniary, as well as spiritual significance. "Is he wealthy? this ring is trying to dazzle me into that belief."

"Yes, very; but you know, Alice, that, with me, is an *accidental*, rather than an *essential* circumstance of exalted manhood."

Alice smiled.

"Yes, or the rich Boston merchant would not have left with such a cloud upon his handsome face, Ellie."

* * * * *

"Fort Sumter is taken!" Ellie Cloud heard this first mutter of the distant thunder of war, as it came echoing from Carolina; the herald that the fearful storm of blood was near; and all the energy and sympathy of her nature was aroused in behalf of her country; and with this deep emotion, blended a thought of her lover. She was eager to see him step forward and lend his endowments to the support of that cause, upon which hung the hopes of the oppressed of the nations of the earth.

Since the land had arisen to rush to the rescue, she had not received a line from Walter; and a vague fear of the cause of his silence, which she would not, dared not give form, darkened her spirit's horizon.

The glorious May had returned to her forest palaces, and was hanging up through their

find among his playfellows a group to dazzle with his brilliant expectations.

At length the last day of the two weeks, which formed the gulf between the meeting of the friends, arrived; and before the starry regiments retreated from the triumphal banners of light, the Cloud family were stirring; and the cackling of chickens, rattling of dishes, grinding of spices, and beating of eggs, gave evidence that the grand thanksgiving dinner siege had begun.

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"Don't you know Elder Austin?" asked Mrs. Cloud.

"Not our old minister, Esther? I heard that he was dead, five years ago."

"The same, Robert, who gave to you this hand twenty-five years ago, when you became a member of our church," replied the venerable old man, as he extended his hand; but tears were choking the utterance of both; and the

silence, which is more powerful than words, was not broken, until the wave of emotion again returned to the depths of feeling.

"This is next to seeing my own father here," trembled Mr. Ashley's voice. "Among all the pleasures anticipated, I had not expected this."

"Your father has taken a higher seat, Robert, and I am only waiting among the trees, in the evening, to hear the voice of my Lord calling me," replied the old pastor, as he stood there, wearing upon his brow the benediction of a peaceful spirit.

Mrs. Cloud was amply repaid in her efforts to make her dinner puritanic in its character, by her brother's keen appreciation of everything which reminded him of thanksgiving at the homestead; and when it was over, he expressed a belief of having been plunged into the fabulous fountain of youth; as he could by no other means, have slipped back twenty-five years of his life, which this dinner being a reality, he must have done he said.

"The fountain has not taken the silver threading from your hair, father," said Florence.

"No, but it has washed some of the indentations of care from my heart, my dear; and now, girls, get your hats, and if Ellie and Alice will go with us, I will take you to the old stone house where I was born."

CHAPTER II.

Ellie Cloud was a true New Hampshire girl. Born and reared among the granite hills, whose pure air imparts that tinge to the clear cheek, which is sometimes found upon the enamel of shells. She had one of those symmetrical natures seldom found; uniting the practical and imaginative; a combination which is becoming so rare among the people of the nineteenth century.

We are cultivating one or two branches upon the tree of life, throwing into them all the sap of existence, while the other boughs are neglected; and, as a result, there are but few characters, when viewed upon all sides, whose disproportion does not painfully meet the eye.

Ellie's nature was happily an exception; over the base of the practical and useful, ran the graceful foliage which composed the æsthetic temperament. Ardent in her feelings, she embraced with her whole heart, every cause of which she became the friend.

Her visit at her uncle's was during the last presidential campaign, when a strong wave of

feeling was surging from the gulf to the Potomac. But Ellie had lived too near Bunker Hill, to hear whispers of "disunion" without a thrill of indignation.

She had met, while at her uncle's, a gentleman just returned from a northern college, Walter Talcott, a young man of great promise and personal attraction; and Ellie Cloud, who had never before seen one to whom she felt she could yield unconditional homage, acknowledged her heart a conquered province, and Walter Talcott its conqueror.

The last month spent at her uncle's, while she was wearing upon her finger that "round hoop of gold," in which was encircled the hopes of a whole life to her, was a blissful, enchanted dream. Sleeping or waking, the anthem of her heart thrilled its music. How she longed to tell her mother and Alice of the idol which she had set up in her heart; and the evening following their arrival at her home, after their guests retired, the three sat alone by the fire, and while its light mingled with the blushes upon her face, she described to them her first meeting with Mr. Talcott, and closed the narration, by holding up in the flickering light, the betrothal ring.

"It is a diamond!" said Alice, with an eye to its pecuniary, as well as spiritual significance. "Is he wealthy? this ring is trying to dazzle me into that belief."

"Yes, very; but you know, Alice, that, with me, is an *accidental*, rather than an *essential* circumstance of exalted manhood."

Alice smiled.

"Yes, or the rich Boston merchant would not have left with such a cloud upon his handsome face, Ellie."

* * * * *

"Fort Sumter is taken!" Ellie Cloud heard this first mutter of the distant thunder of war, as it came echoing from Carolina; the herald that the fearful storm of blood was near; and all the energy and sympathy of her nature was aroused in behalf of her country; and with this deep emotion, blended a thought of her lover. She was eager to see him step forward and lend his endowments to the support of that cause, upon which hung the hopes of the oppressed of the nations of the earth.

Since the land had arisen to rush to the rescue, she had not received a line from Walter; and a vague fear of the cause of his silence, which she would not, dared not give form, darkened her spirit's horizon.

The glorious May had returned to her forest palaces, and was hanging up through their

grand old halls their rich green drapery. Ellie was standing by the window of her chamber, inclining the honeysuckle vine, its green lace work tempering so pleasantly the sunlight which fell through its meshes, when Charlie peeped into her room holding up to her view a letter, whose direction was in the familiar hand.

"Oh, Charlie!" and she sprang to take it; but that young hopeful made a hasty retreat half way down the stairs, where he halted, "awaiting another advance of the enemy."

"Now, Ellie, you can have this when you promise to make that soldier's cap that you said you hadn't time to make this morning, and sew the stars on my flag."

"I'll make the cap; Charlie; but I haven't time to sew on the stars."

"And I haven't time to stand here;" and at three leaps, Charlie was down stairs.

"Come back, Charlie! I'll get Jennie Hall to sew them on."

"This very afternoon?" exclaimed Charlie.

"Yes, this very afternoon. Now give me my letter, quick," and, in her impatience, she ran half way down the stairs.

She tore apart the envelope, with fingers which trembled with excitement, and glanced swiftly and eagerly over the lines; she was bewildered, and made an effort to read it again; but the letters seemed blurred, and with the heavy pressure under her brow she doubted whether she had comprehended it. She handed it to her sister, "Read it to me, Alice, I cannot understand it; and Alice, who did not observe the expression upon Ellie's face, read:—

"CAMP DIXIE, MAY, '61.

"DEAR ELLIE:—You will see by this, that I have not listened, unmoved, to the appeal of a people of too much spirit to bear longer the indignities heaped upon them by a portion of the North. I remember, Ellie, that you once remarked to me, that you would not marry a man in whose veins ran a drop of disloyal blood; but knowing how much you admire that spirit which will not submit to encroachment, I even yet trust that you will reconsider the assertion to which I have alluded, and which neither of us then supposed would be put to so severe a test.

"Hoping that if you cannot sympathize in our cause, you will at least not condemn me, I remain your own

WALTER."

Alice did not speak when she had finished the letter; no word seemed appropriate. She knew by the white, compressed lips, what a

fearful winter had, in a few moments, dropped down upon the glorious summer of her sister's heart, freezing and withering its rich bloom; and she dreaded the first words which should be coined from her soul's fierce agony; but no sound broke the fearful silence. Alice felt that she would rather be alone, and quietly left the room; and then, the anguish which was convulsing her soul, voiced itself in low, deep moans; then, when the first wild tempest had passed, the cold bitter night of desolation settled around her spirit; but it was a starless night. Seating herself at her table, she wrote:

"CLAYTON, MAY, 1861.

"MR. TALCOTT:—The enemies of my country are my enemies. ELLIE CLOUD."

She took from her finger the ring he had given her, and enclosed it in the letter; and as she did this, in spite of the spirit that nerved her, tears, which acknowledge no control, would fall from her eyes. It was not the reality over which she wept; but the dream which had been dissolved; the shadowy "might have been."

"Ellie," called her mother; "can you come down and read the daily to me? while I finish Charlie's zouave."

"In a minute, mother;" she held each word with a strong curb of will, lest a quiver in her voice should betray her. She entered the room where her mother was sitting, and taking up the paper, began to read some unimportant item.

"Ellie, why don't you read the dispatches?" asked Mrs. Cloud, a little impatience in her voice; but when she raised her eyes to the face of her daughter, she read in it the writing of a great desolation. She had seen Charlie taking up the letter, and at once suspected the cause.

"What is it, my child? you are not afraid to confide in your mother, are you?"

The sympathetic voice penetrated the thick cloud which hung over her heart; and through the rent gushed the tear-rain.

"Oh, mother, it is all over; I have sent back Walter Talcott his ring, and with it all my hopes of happiness;" and she took the letter from her pocket and handed it to her mother, who regarded her with blended emotions, pity for her deep suffering, and admiration of the heroism which had led her so promptly to sacrifice every personal feeling for a great principle.

Two months of gloomy days were woven into the web of Ellie Cloud's life, days when she

felt that death upon the battle field would be happiness when compared with the mildew which was gathering upon her youth.

"Mother, I have enlisted." It was Harry Cloud who electrified his family by this announcement, as he joined them in the parlor, where Alice was practicing a patriotic piece of music.

The mother arose from her seat, and laid her hand upon her son's head; that fair, boyish head, wearing only the ripeness of twenty summers, saying, as she did so,

"You have been a comfort to me, Harry, ever since I rocked you in your cradle; and were I asked to make a sacrifice for my country, I could make none greater than to give my oldest son, who has never wrung his mother's heart, but always been a blessing and a pride; and I am proud of you to-day, my son, that you have too much spirit to remain inactive at home, while others do the work of saving the government."

Those were pale faces that bent over the work of getting Harry ready that afternoon; and as he appeared in the door just before tea, with that face delicate as a girl's, and the mother and sisters thought how soon that beautiful head might lie upon the battle field, the golden hair tangled with blood, it was too much; and Alice dropped her work with the low exclamation, "Oh, Harry!"

He went and stood by her side, laying his hand upon her bowed head.

"Alice, you would not discourage me?"

She arose and put her hands upon his shoulders.

"Don't think that, Harry! I should blush for you if you did not go; I am proud of you, my brother, but none the less pained."

The day for Harry's departure came, and Ellie stood pale and tearless as those brave men marched by her, as they would march up to the cannon's fierce mouth, following the stars upon their country's banner, which should light them into the darkness of battle. There is a deeper grief than that expressed by tears; a sorrow so freezing that it congeals the drops ere they reach the eye.

Her brother clasped her hand as he passed. "May Heaven guard you, my brother! You may die for our country; I am dying for it now." He understood her, although no word had ever passed between them relative to her lover's disloyalty.

"Yes, Ellie, many die for their country

who never see the battle field," replied Harry, as he pressed her hand.

Oh, if Walter Talcott had been one of those brave men, she mused—if he had fallen beneath the folds of the old banner—if she could have remembered him as she once knew him, against the cloud of her sorrow would have arched the beautiful bow of memory and hope; for the tears which fall over a buried love are not half so agonizing or bitter as those which drop upon a fallen, *living* idol.

Two months had passed since Harry joined the army, and still the cold, pitiless hand of sorrow was pressing the blood from Ellie's cheek and lip. She had hoped against hope, that there might be some mistake—that one of her roguish cousins might have forged that letter which had hurled such a dart into her quivering heart; and then judgment wrested from her all such straws to which her spirit in its drowning agony clung. She knew every peculiarity of the hand-writing; it was his—his only; the fact was piercing her through with its stony eyes, and she must not shrink from its gaze.

Another dreadful battle had been fought, and anxious friends were waiting in painful suspense the "official reports" of the killed and wounded; but before they were received, a letter came from Harry, saying—

"I am wounded, Ellie, but not seriously; but enough to unfit me for duty. And now, Ellie, if you want to see and feel what the brave men of the nation are doing and suffering for the old flag, come with father when he comes to take me home. The trip will benefit you; and, by the way, sis, I want you to see one of our colonels. He is a splendid officer, and what would be a great recommendation among you ladies, the handsomest man in his regiment; and, what seems to me unaccountable, has taken a great fancy to your brother Harry."

"Will you go Ellie?" asked her father. "I shall start day after to-morrow."

Ellie hesitated; like most persons, when under the chill of sorrow, she refused to come out into the sunlight of more cheerful spirits, and shrank from contact with the world; and what a few months ago would have been a pleasure, seemed now a task.

"Yes, Ellie, go," urged her mother; "you can make Harry so much more comfortable during the trip than father can; it is one of the gifts of a woman's hand, you know." And the thought of being useful to her brother, decided her.

Mrs. Cloud secretly hoped that the trip, as well as the suffering which her daughter would witness, would turn aside her thoughts partially from her own unhappiness.

The warm-hearted mothers, sisters and wives of the absent soldiers, embraced the opportunity of sending tokens of remembrance and affection to their absent friends, of a more substantial character than messages simply; but crowded a box with cakes, jellies, jams—everything which could tempt the appetite of an invalid, to be taken by Mr. Cloud and his daughter to the hospital.

"You will find Lieutenant Cloud in there;" and the nurse opened the door, and stepped aside, for the father and daughter to enter.

Harry had not expected them so soon, and when his father's sedate, kind face appeared, followed by that of his beautiful sister, he experienced that delicious thrill of joy which no one better understands than the soldier, who is cut off from all the enjoyments which constitute home. Impulsively, he made an effort to spring to meet them; but the wounded limb refused to assist in any such gymnastic. In another moment, his father was beside him, his brown hand clasping his son's, and Ellie's tears were dropping on his face.

"Don't cry, sis"—the tears in his own eyes—"I am doing splendidly, the surgeon says. A few experiences of this kind season a soldier." And he smiled up in his sister's face.

"Father," said Ellie, an hour later, "if you will have that box brought in, I will give Harry something better than rice for his dinner."

The box was brought, and Ellie explored its depths, bringing up raspberry jam, dried beef, cinnamon rolls, etc. In a word, everything which mother could think of to send.

"Three cheers for the ladies of Clayton!" enthusiastically exclaimed Harry. "If that won't cure a wounded limb, it will a wounded appetite. And now, Ellie, if you want to immortalize yourself, and render your memory sacred, just visit the poor fellows in the hospital with the contents of that box; and if there should be any Catholics here, there will be another saint added to their calendar."

"Just what I intend doing, Harry, when I have seen you enjoy your dinner;" and Ellie seated herself, with her face turned from the door, towards her brother. Mr. Cloud had gone out to make arrangements for Harry's removal, and the brother and sister were alone, the former asking a hundred questions

about home, and drinking in the answers with a zest which those who are hourly surrounded by its numberless ties can scarcely understand.

All at once he paused, and seemed for the first time to observe that his sister's face had lost its oval outline, and that the color had almost faded from her cheek. He grew suddenly grave. He wanted to ask her if she had heard anything farther from her rebel lover; but with that sensitive caution which is an attribute of some natures, he was searching mentally for words which should not probe the wound of her heart. And in this little pause, the door swung so quietly upon its hinges that neither observed it until aroused by the voice of a third person.

"Lieutenant, I have called to see how your wound is doing."

And that voice! It made every fibre of Ellie Cloud's frame vibrate, as the full, deep tones came thrilling upon her ear. The young lieutenant bowed respectfully, and Ellie, disbelieving the evidence of her senses, turned towards the door.

"My sister—Colonel Talcott."

For a moment Ellie stood petrified—speechless; but in that moment thought, with its lightning swiftness, was trying to solve the enigma. She would have known that voice anywhere. Those were the same deep brown eyes, fathomless in tenderness. It was he whose supposed disloyalty had made her life for the last few months so desolate, standing before her, wearing the uniform of a United States officer. He advanced to meet her, with extended hand.

"What does it mean?" she faltered. She tried to look into his face, but the color was rushing to her cheeks, and her voice trembled.

"It means, Nellie, that I deserve the fate of a traitor for making this dear little face so thin and pale." And he looked yearningly down upon the trembling girl before him, as though he would like to kiss the paleness from the sweet lips, were it not for the just then inconvenient presence of the young lieutenant.

"In the name of all the Cæsars, what's this?" shouted Harry, forgetting the deference which he had always observed towards a superior officer, as the truth flashed upon his mind that Talcott was the name of his sister's lover. And then one of those grand smiles, which made him so beautiful, lit up Walter Talcott's face, and its light beamed in upon

Ellie's spirit.
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Ellie's soul—a glorious sunrise upon her spirit's darkened landscape.

"It means, Lieutenant Cloud, that your sister and myself are acquaintances. And now, as we have no other parlor, if you will be so obliging, sir, as to allow us to imagine this room one, and in consideration of the peculiar nature of the case will permit a misunderstanding to be cleared up in your presence, I shall be greatly your debtor."

"Most cheerfully, Colonel," laughed Harry, "since it affords me the opportunity of witnessing the making-up of a lovers' quarrel, and which I stipulate, for the favor conferred, shall end as all such quarrels usually do."

And then succeeded the explanation. After volunteering in the Union service, Colonel Talcott recalled the expression made by Ellie, when the storm was beginning to mutter in the distance—the remark quoted in his letter—and the fancy seized him to give her an opportunity of exercising her talent in behalf of the Union, in the form of a scathing letter. But when he received her reply, he saw that decisive, earnest action, as well as earnest words, were a part of her nature, and he hastened to undeceive her. But, by a series of accidents, none of his letters reached their destination.

"Can you forgive me, Ellie?" he asked; and his face was drooping nearer that of the girl who had been hungering for the sound of that voice through those dark, dark months.

She laid one hand in his, and toyed with his scarf with the other; for Harry had, to all appearance, become absorbed in the paper which he was holding up before his face. And Walter Talcott knew he might claim the little hand which had once before been plighted to him, and he again slipped the diamond ring upon her finger.

That afternoon, a travelling party, composed of Mr. Cloud, Harry, Ellie, and Colonel Talcott, took the train for the East. Great was the surprise of the Cloud family, when the carriage which they had sent to the depot arrived, to find that it contained a fourth person; and Alice, timid little fawn, was nearly overwhelmed to see that the gentleman wore the scarf and dress of a Colonel. And there might have been a flush of pride blended with the happiness upon Ellie's face, as she walked up the avenue leading to her father's door, by the side of the dark, handsome officer.

Mr. Cloud's, and Ellie became the bride of Colonel Talcott. And as the young man related to the guests the history of the test to which he had subjected Ellie's patriotism, the old pastor who united them declared that a young lady so true to the cause of her country, deserved to marry a colonel.

How one Will was Made.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER I.

"Take a chair, sir!—take a chair, sir!" said Mr. Jerome Reynolds to the minister. And he said it with some unusual quality of cordiality in his voice, and urbanity in his manner; for be it here premised, that Mr. Jerome Reynolds was one of the wealthiest men in Woodside, and rather accustomed to receiving a certain degree of deference from those with whom he was brought in social juxtaposition; so that his own bearing had acquired a certain self-complacency, bordering on pompousness, which a man is very apt to have who carries with him always an agreeable consciousness of some superiority to his fellow men.

Mr. Solomon Dayton, the pastor of the large Congregational church at Woodside, was a gentleman of the old school, and he accepted the luxurious arm-chair in his usual courteous and somewhat elaborate manner—not a whit more courteous and elaborate towards his host and wealthiest parishioner, than he was an hour before to his washerwoman, when, in a flurry of embarrassment and pleasure, she placed her rocking-chair for him in the front room of her yellow one-story cottage, in the small alley which bounded the back grounds of Mr. Reynolds's residence.

The clergyman and his host would have formed that morning an attractive study to eyes looking out of a keen, thoughtful soul. There was a singular contrast in the two faces, as they sat opposite each other, in the lofty sitting-room of the stateliest dwelling in all Woodside. They were both old men—the host and his guest, and the locks of both were frosted white with their years. Mr. Reynolds's expression was of that keen, rapid, intelligent kind, which years of dealing with his fellow men, and of contact with them in business relations, and the faculty of sharp foresight and swift practical deductions is apt to give a man. Mr. Dayton's face was of altogether a different cast, an ample scholarly,

The next evening, there was a wedding at

intellectual face, somewhat pale, and refined by serious thought and study, and possessing beyond that a kindness and sympathy which no words can reach, but which the meekest and lowliest can feel, and which was wanting in the other.

So the old gentlemen sat together and talked, and the sunshine, broken by the heavy curtains, spattered the carpet, and laughed broad along the walls, and gilded the massive old furniture. And the talk of the two gentlemen touched on various general topics, philosophy, political, moral; for this latter element always seasoned, like some fragrant spice, the speech of the clergyman, Solomon Dayton. And at last, in a pause of this desultory talk, the banker cleared his throat and said, in a graver tone—

"I've wanted to see you, my friend, for several days, to consult you on a matter that's been weighing on my mind for a year or two; and there's no man whose advice in this thing will carry with it quite so much weight as yours."

"I shall be very happy to give you any counsel that's in my power, sir," answered the clergyman, tapping the arm of his chair, softly.

"I was certain of that at the beginning; and to reach the point at once, Mr. Dayton, I'm reminded almost every day, by some growing weakness or infirmity, that I'm an old man now, and that I must soon leave my place and my work to others; and I think it's every man's duty to make his will while he is in full possession of his reason and health."

"Just so—just so. We ought not to leave any work undone while the day lasts, my friend; and as you say, it's getting towards night with you and me now," added the clergyman, who viewed the matter from a somewhat different stand-point from his parishioner.

"I'm anxious to secure this money from being scattered to the four winds when I am gone. I should like to feel it was doing a little good in the world. It has cost me a life of hard, steady toil; for I made every dollar of my fortune myself, sir." Mr. Reynolds added this with a good deal of complacency, and it did not strike him at the time that however anxious he might feel about the good his wealth should accomplish when he was under the ground, he had never manifested any solicitude on that score while he was above it—a singular fact in the history of many rich men.

"That is certainly a natural desire for a man whom the Lord has made steward of so large a portion in his household," answered the clergyman, out of the sincerity of his heart. "My friend, I shall be glad to aid you all I can; and on every side there are noble institutions and blessed charities, languishing for means to carry them on to the full attainment of their high purposes, both for God and man. But a man owes something to his friends and relatives, if they are deserving, and I suppose these in your case will receive, as they justly should, the first consideration?"

Certainly Mr. Reynolds had never put himself to himself in that light before; never conceived it possible that he could occupy the relation of debtor to any man in the world. He moved a little uneasily in his chair.

"I have, as you know my dear sir, no family of my own, and most of my distant relatives are well provided for, with the exception perhaps of a single family—that of the widow and orphans of my late half-brother, Lucius Reynolds. I have, of course, a number of legacies to leave, and old friends to remember in my will."

"And this family of your late brother's? I think you spoke of them as being possessed of small means?" pursued the clergyman, to whom the very sound of widow and orphans had something touching and significant.

Mr. Reynolds settled himself back in his chair—

"Ye-es," speaking half to himself, half to his minister, "I imagine that must be the case, although, to own the truth, I have heard little or nothing of the family since the death of Lucius, some eight years ago. He left three or four children, I believe; but the family moved off into New York State sometime previous to his death. The truth is, Lucius never had any business capacity, and would be sure to come out a poor man, let him put his hand to whatever he might." And here the speaker's tone was pendulous betwixt pity and contempt. "He was a good-hearted, good-natured fellow, honest to the core, sensible and intelligent, too. I believe he was cut out for a scholar, if circumstances hadn't baffled him there; but, though he had as fair a chance as I did, he was sure to come out without a dollar."

"Ah, my friend, you to whom the Lord has given the power and capacity of gaining wealth, owe Him a great debt of thanks," said the minister.

Mr. Reynolds had, during the course of his

long life, been much more in the habit of giving the glory to his own business sagacity and energy, instead of to his Maker; but perhaps he was not just then conscious of this. "I suppose we had," he answered, which was, after all, little more than a verbal acquiescence, he felt bound as a matter of course to render to the minister's remark. "As I was saying, I haven't heard from the family for years. Lucius was ten my junior; but I'll hunt them up, and remember them, for the sake of relationship, in my will." And then the rich banker went on to state to his pastor that he wished to endow the young college at Woodside, on which the minister's heart was set, with a hundred thousand dollars, and found a young men's institute, which would take another hundred thousand, and leave a fund to remodel the ancient church; and the good old clergyman's heart was in all these things, and he entered into them with the deepest enthusiasm; and so before noon, the whole four hundred thousand dollars, which Jerome Reynolds had been all his life heaping together, was disposed of; and at last the clergyman drew his handkerchief across his forehead, heated with the eagerness of his talk, and said, with a smile—

"Well, my friend, though you leave neither wife nor children to inherit them, yet you have not gathered together your riches for nothing. Your name will not die with you, for generations will rise up and call you blessed, long after you have laid still in the grave."

These were very pleasant words to the rich old banker from his pastor—from the man, too, whose character he respected, and whose piety he revered above that of all other men. It somehow made him feel that the road to Heaven would be a very smooth one to him, and that his pastor's testimony would be endorsed there.

And at that moment, the servant entered, bringing in a waiter, with cake and coffee, and a dish heaped with small early pears, that seemed like a pile of jewels of gold and opal, as the sun struck in and over them.

"Now, my friend, we've settled these things, and I shall have the will drawn up, signed and sealed before another Saturday night goes over my head," said the host. "You'll take a little lunch after your long talk?"

"Thank you!" The clergyman looked at his watch. "We keep up very primitive customs at our house, and dine at one; and it wants only half an hour of it."

"No matter, a cup of coffee and a little fruit won't spoil your appetite."

And, partly for courtesy's sake, the minister accepted the invitation; and while he was sipping his coffee, and secretly congratulating the town of Woodside on its good fortune, the thought of the banker's dead brother presented itself to his mind again. He was a just man to the core, and so he said, suddenly—

"I hope, my dear sir, that in these grand public charities of yours, we have not forgotten any private ones. We must be just in the least, as well as in the greatest matter, and a rich man owes, as I said, something first to his relatives, if they need it, and are worthy of it. You will not forget this orphan family of your brother's?"

Somehow, while Mr. Reynolds was very enthusiastic about all his public donations and endowments, he never felt a particle of interest when his brother's family was mentioned. Indeed, although he never troubled himself to divine the cause, he was conscious of a certain feeling of aversion whenever the subject was alluded to. But the minister thrust the matter home in the light of a debt and a duty, and so, to appease his conscience on the subject, Mr. Reynolds answered—

"Well, I will make some inquiries here, and if they need it, I will put them down for twenty-five thousand dollars in my will. That will certainly be generous enough to a family whom I have not seen for fifteen years, and who probably expect nothing of me."

Parson Dayton agreed with his host, and soon after took his leave.

In less than a week after the conversation transpired betwixt the banker and the clergyman, the former happened to meet a gentleman who resided in the pleasant country town in New York where his brother had lived and died, and was buried. Mr. Reynolds made various inquiries respecting the family of his relative, and was answered in a brief, matter-of-fact way; for the gentleman of whom the inquiries were made was one of those practical business men, who have little interest or sympathy to spare for others. Mr. Reynolds, however, managed to learn that the widow and her four children were all living, and that although the family were highly esteemed in the community, they were left without any fortune, and the delicate mother and her young sons and daughters must have had a hard struggle with the world.

Hearing this, for the moment, the heart of

Mr. Reynolds softened. The memory of his dead brother rose up from the east land of his soul, and walked over the billowy years, and stood tender and fair in the west of his life. He plunged his hand into his pocket, and glanced towards his writing desk with a half-defined purpose of sending his sister-in-law a check for a few hundred dollars; and it seemed to him that the fair face of his dead wife, and his two sweet young children, who had slept side by side so long, looked down over the billowy years and smiled on him.

But the gentleman went on to speak of other matters, and Mr. Reynolds thought, "No matter, it will do just as well after he has gone," and the face that had arisen and walked out of the land of his youth, and the faces which had shone down on him out of the later years faded away, and when the rich man was left alone again to take counsel with his own thoughts, the old griping and grudging of his wealth which had taken such deep root in his soul vanquished his better impulses again.

"They'll have that twenty-five thousand in a little while," said Jerome Reynolds to himself. "I've done well by them in my will, and I shant live long to keep them away from enjoying it. Little they'll be apt to care for that under the circumstances."

And so putting it in this light he grew slightly indignant with these, his nearest relatives on earth, and somehow felt himself a wronged, ill-treated man, and at last took refuge in the thought of how people would talk and wonder, when his will was made known; and he wondered, too, whether the new buildings, which were to be erected on the site he had designated in his last will and testament, would be christened the Reynolds Library. It would certainly be most natural and fitting that they should be!

CHAPTER II.

The little white cottage sat pleasantly behind its two small drooping firs. Mignonette, and heliotrope, and moss roses made their white and purple foam and their coals of bloom on the small circular mound which tasteful hands had raised a few feet from the front windows. Altogether that little cottage would somehow have attracted and held your gaze, if you are the kind of person I hope you are, oh, my reader.

Inside of this little cottage, whose roof you saw at once could not cover more than six or eight rooms, sat, on the summer morning of which I write, four of its five occupants. The

elder of these was a lady past the prime of her years; and yet, you would hardly have called her old, although her dark hair was so thickly tufted with gray, and a few lines were graven deep in her forehead, and the pale smooth cheeks had dropped all their bloom years ago. It was a sweet, sad, motherly face—a face over which you felt at the first glance terrible storms had thundered, and left it waiting patiently and steadfastly.

A little way from the mother sat a young girl, who hardly looked her years, and they were only sixteen. It was the mother's face over again, with all the thin outlines softly rounded, and the carnation bloom in the cheeks—a delicate bloom, that looking on, you felt rude winds or any rough usage would surely blight and quench. The young girl's face was half hidden by the thick, soft hair which shaded the cheeks, and stood out in a rich maroon hue where the sunbeams touched it. She was wholly absorbed as she sat by the table in some volume over which her head was bent low.

And in an opposite corner sat a boy and girl, he in his fourteenth, and she in her twelfth year. They were shelling peas, which half an hour before they had gathered from the garden; and the roses they had found there burned healthful in both their cheeks. They were a pretty picture, sitting there with their young heads bowed over the large tin basin, into which flowed constantly the small tributary of peas, that the pods furnished to their rapid fingers. The boy had a bright, eager, open face, a good deal sunburnt with working out doors, and the girl's had some general resemblance to her brother's—a pretty, childish face, with wide, blue, wondering eyes, which seemed to hold a laugh that some thought or experience had touched with seriousness.

"Elizabeth, my child," said the mother, in her sweet anxious tones to her elder daughter, as she laid down her sewing, "do leave that book for a little while. You'll be sure to get sick again if you don't take care."

Elizabeth Reynolds looked up with a little pleading smile, that touched her whole face with a new life.

"I think I shall stand it this time, mamma," she said. "You know next week the committee meet, and if I can get through with the examination, I shall have the school—Mr. Jacobs said I should, and then there'll be four dollars a week for us!"

It was worth something to hear the tone of

joyful triumph with which she uttered these last words.

The little girl in the corner paused in her work, and a very plethoric pod scattered its contents on her lap and they freckled over her gingham apron as she whispered—

"Just think how much money that will be, Harry!"

"I know it, Ellen. Some day, though, I mean to make a good deal of money too!"

Here the mother's voice interposed again.

"I know it's a good deal of money, dear, but I don't see how in the world you can take such a responsibility on yourself at your age, and with your health. Then there's that long walk of a mile and a half every morning and evening!"

"Oh, mother, I can, I will do it," answered Elizabeth Reynolds, her fair young face kindling with solemn purpose. "Don't you know what this money will be to all of us, and how it will help lift the dreadful burden off poor Norman's life, and get you a doctor, and do so many things for all of us! As for the walk, it'll do me good on pleasant days, and Mr. Jacobs says he'll take me over in the milk-cart on stormy ones. He's the best friend we've got in this world!"

Mrs. Reynolds sighed to herself. She thought of her young son toiling beyond his strength and his years for his widowed mother and his orphan brother and sisters, and her heart ached for him. Poor woman, it had ached on through the long, slow, weary years, until it seemed to her that she could hardly remember a time when it had been free from pain! She thought of that slow iron poverty which lay so heavy and terrible on all their lives, and of the winter that was coming, and she did not dare to enter a protest against her daughter's determination to take the district school that year, inadequate as she knew Elizabeth's years and health were to so arduous and responsible a work.

Ten years ago Mrs. Reynolds had seen the husband of her youth covered up under the gray flannels of the autumn grass. She was a delicate, tenderly reared woman, very little fitted for hard wrestling with the world. But she had four helpless children left dependent on her alone, and for their sakes she roused herself and struggled with the world as she never could for her own.

Her husband had been unfortunate in all his later business enterprises, and a few debts, and a few hundred dollars, was all that he left to the widow. Mrs. Reynolds possessed the

genius of economy. She managed to live somehow with the help of those few hundred dollars, by renting a small cottage, cultivating the acre of ground about it, and teaching a small school. But at last her health failed her, her little fund was exhausted; and then her eldest son obtained the situation of under clerk in a wholesale store in the town. So they had managed to exist for the last three years, depending mostly on Norman's wages, which it almost broke the mother's heart to take. But the exercise of the most rigid economy could not entirely avert the debts which slowly gained ground on one side and another. The whole of these did not at this time amount to two hundred dollars; but it was enough to haunt the soul of the mother, by night and by day, like some awful presence of terror, and eat with its slow rust into the very springs of her life, and lie with its brooding shadow on the blossoming youth of her children!

Dear reader, God forbid that I should magnify in anywise the value of money. Riches heaped together for the good of the owners thereof, and bequeathed to children, are perhaps oftener a curse than a blessing, and may so be read when the books are opened and the day shall declare it! Good, brave, strong wrestling with poverty never yet hurt any man; it has made thousands!

How many a youth has been ruined, body and soul, whose life might otherwise have been a blessing to himself and his generation, because a fortune fell to him; how many a poor nervous, morbid, indolent woman absorbed in herself, and in her own narrow life and petty needs, has been made all this because her money precluded the necessity of all healthful exertion and activity on her part, and made all the forces of her life centripetal, no one can undertake to declare!

But the weak, the tender, the delicately reared, and helpless, they who need the strong arm and the stout heart to shield them from the storms and the struggle of life—to them, when left alone and out in the cold of the world to do battle with it, to them is poverty a curse—a thing bitter, and strong, and terrible, beyond all that my pen can write.

Surrounded on all sides with its darkness, with no earthly hand to help or to deliver—the mean, the greedy, the coarse, and the selfish taking advantage of their want and weakness, to press and insult them if they are anywise in their power—oh, to these, the young, the weak, the helpless, God be witness that the words which I write here are

words of truth and honesty, is poverty a bitter and a fearful thing!

It was this to the wife and the children of Lucius Reynolds; and yet, the brother who had dwelt with him under one roof, and with whom he played through the bright years of his early boyhood, could without feeling it, by a mere stroke of his hand, have bestowed on them a few hundreds of his many thousands, and lifted all the weight and the cold dread from the heart of the mother and the young lives about her, and made them brimming over with gladness.

It was no excuse for him that he did not know all this—that if anybody had presented it to him in such a light, he certainly would have done something. It was his duty to search out, and know the truth. Were they not his *relatives*? and does not a man owe to them his first duty and fealty? Truly God declares how *He* values wealth, as the sort of men whom *He* often allows to attain it!

And as the little group sat there that summer morning, with rifts of sunshine on the faded carpet and old-fashioned chairs—relics of better and happier days, the door was suddenly thrown open, and Norman Reynolds entered the room. He was a slender youth, with the same thoughtful, delicate cast of features as his sister—bold and strong enough not to be feminine though.

With the first glance at his face, his family saw that something had happened to him; it was white as a living face can be, and a terrible wild despair was in his brown large eyes.

"Oh, what is the matter, my boy?" asked the mother, and her heart leaped into her voice.

The youth sat down and looked on each of them in a haggard bewildered way which was pitiful to see.

"I've lost my place this morning." He said it in slow, hopeless tones, which told how the iron had entered his soul.

"Oh, Norman!"

Even the mother's cry of surprise and pain was added to the chorus of her children.

"It's true. You'd got to know the truth, and there was no way to keep it from you if I lived at all, and God knows how I longed to die before I should come home and utter these words to you! They said they'd no fault to find with me. I'd done the best that I could; but they wanted stouter muscles and heavier strength than I could bring to the work where there was so much lifting and lugging to be done; so they'd got a stout young German in

my place. What is to become of us now, mother?"

There was no answer—a cold chill crept over each one. They looked in each other's white faces and found no comfort there.

"And our rent is due, and we haven't a dollar in the world to meet it! Oh, mother, it isn't for my sake that I care, but for yours, and the children's!"

Then the courage and faith which lay at this core of Mrs. Reynolds's soul, and which had carried her through all these years, roused themselves at the sight of her crushed boy.

"Don't give up, my darling," she said, in her sweet, brave tones. "God will not suffer us to perish. Some way that we do not look for, He will take care of us."

And Elizabeth, to whom Norman was dearer than her own life, slipped over to his side and put her soft cheek down to his, and her little fingers fluttered tenderly in his brown curls, as she whispered—

"Don't take it so hard, Norman, dear. I feel almost certain that I shall get the district school, and I shall earn four dollars a week, and that's as much as your salary into one dollar; we shall get on somehow, I know we shall."

"And I'm just going to ask farmer Jacobs to find me a place as chore boy, somewhere," said Harry, getting up, and looking very fierce and brave; "and I can earn a dollar a week, I'll bet now."

"And I mean to get some of the bags from the factory," chimed in the childish voice of Ellen, as she pushed back her golden curls from her girlish face. "I can make four a day, and get twenty-five cents a dozen!"

And so—brave hearts—they tried to comfort the elder brother, until at last he put his hand over his eyes, and when he drew it away there were tears in their brown depths. The brave, tender, hopeful youth—he was comforted at last.

"Mother, isn't there somebody in the world who would be willing to help us a little just now—we might pay them sometime, and it would not seem just like applying for charity?" asked Elizabeth.

The mother shook her head; and then a moment later looked up.

"Your father had an only brother and he was a rich man," she said. "If I knew where he was living, I should certainly write to him, and in the name of the dead entreat him to do something for the living. But I lost all knowledge of him years ago."

"Our help must come of ourselves and God!" said Elizabeth, and her young face seemed transfigured for the moment, with the brave, steadfast smile that glowed all over it.

"I shall go off in a few days if I can't get anything to do here," interposed Norman, and so they all took comfort and courage at last.

And in this town where Mrs. Reynolds and her children lived were many wealthy people; many broad-minded, generous people too, whom any tale of sorrow or suffering would have touched, who never allowed a beggar to go unfed or unclothed from their door. But because Mrs. Reynolds never made any sign of her need, because she was a gentlewoman by birth, breeding and life, who *could* not solicit charity, it never entered the minds of these people that they might bestow theirs in some such delicate manner as should not wound her natural sensitiveness. It never entered the minds of these people, I said, but it ought to, for they knew that her husband had died insolvent, and left his invalid wife and children with no resources.

It would have been easy enough for some generous, unknown heart to have helped her in quiet, secret ways, so that she should never even have suspected the hand which was reached out to her rescue in the hour of her sore need, and verily the giver would not have lost his reward.

But people are as careless and injudicious in their charities as in most other things, and the coarse, the importunate and often the undeserving, get the most.

Five days after Norman Reynolds had lost his place, his sister Elizabeth burst into the little sitting-room. The family happened to be all there, for it was just at sundown.

"Oh, mother," she said, tossing her bonnet on the table, and fairly dancing up and down in her joy, "I've got the school! I've got the school!" It was the first gleam of light that had shone through the darkness about them.

During this interval Norman had vainly exerted himself to obtain some employment. The delicate, slender youth was not fitted for that rough labor which required strong sinews and iron muscles, and consequently his efforts had been unavailing.

Elizabeth brought farther good tidings. Farmer Jacobs had agreed to take Harry during harvesting, and pay him a dollar a week.

"There, now, don't look disconsolate any longer. We'll make up your salary betwixt

us," cried the boy to his brother, after performing a series of gymnastics—the first ebullition of his delight at the news.

But Mrs. Reynolds looked at Elizabeth, and her heart misgave her. She looked so young and delicate, so little fitted for the work which stark necessity forced upon her.

"God help my poor child!" prayed the mother.

"Next week I shall start off," whispered Norman to his mother. "The landlord will let us keep the house three or four weeks more, and now I shall not be haunted with the fear that you are starving while I am gone!"

"My dear boy!" and Mrs. Reynolds looked up and smiled through her tears.

Three weeks more went by, and one afternoon in midsummer a wagon set Norman Reynolds down once more at the cottage door. He made an effort to dismount, but was unable to do so, and the driver who had brought him from the depot was obliged to lift him out as he would have done a little child. He staggered into the house where loving, pitying faces gathered about him. A few words will tell the story he told them. For some days he had been unsuccessful in obtaining employment, and he had not sufficient means to procure comfortable lodgings; consequently he had been much exposed during inclement weather. At last, however, he had succeeded in obtaining work at unloading a vessel; the labor was beyond his strength, the exposure was great, but he had determined to continue at his post until the work was finished. So, with moral heroism which the angels took note of, he staggered to his work every morning; his head would swim strangely—one moment cold chills would seize him, and chatter his teeth together, and shake him to and fro as the bitterest blasts of winter never did, and these would be followed by strange heats that throbbed fiercely in his temples, and beat in all his pulses; and left him at last half blinded, and with a sick faintness all over him. But the last day came finally—the work was done; he had earned fifteen dollars, and as soon as he had received his pay, he had staggered off to the depot and come home.

"And now, mother," he said, "I want to go to bed, and fall asleep with you sitting close by me, as I used to when I was a little boy. I have dreamed of it through all these long slow days that I've been away from you. But he was too weak to walk to his bed at last, and that night Norman Reynolds lay in a raging fever, moaning about his mother and

the rent that was unpaid, and the home that was so far off, and the work which was so heavy and hard! It was heart-rending to hear him. He lay for the next week in the clutch of that terrible fever, which had drunk so deeply into his young life during that time of hard labor and exposure.

As soon as his illness was noised abroad, people crowded in on all sides to do kindly offices for the invalid. The physician was unceasing in his attentions. The tables were heaped with all rare fruits and confections which the sick youth could not touch, but the cost of which, a week before, would have saved all his suffering.

The fever fired his brain, and paroxysms of insanity alternated with stupors of insensibility. It was pitiful to see him lying there, with his wild brown eyes burning like coals out of his white face, and beseeching those who gathered around his bedside not to take his place away, for his mother and sisters would starve if they did.

But the end came at last. One night he seemed to be sleeping, and the watcher who took post at midnight by his bedside fell into a dose. They knew afterwards that Norman must have risen from his bed and stolen out softly into the night. His strength could not have carried him far, but there was a pond only a short distance from his mother's door. He walked to the brink of this and sprang in. The water was hardly deep enough to reach to his shoulders, but he must have fainted away when it closed over him; and, in a little while, the life and the fever dropped forever from the brain of poor Norman Reynolds.

The next morning they found him, and carried him home to his mother and his sisters; he would never have to go out again to seek for work! Of that morning we cannot write; but the rich, childless old man, in his stately home at Woodside, was responsible for that night's work—for that stricken home.

Three years more had gone over the cottage roof where Mrs. Reynolds and her children still dwelt. They had been like the rest—years of steady struggle and battling with poverty and physical weakness. During all this time Elizabeth had kept her arduous position of teacher of the large district school, at a salary of four dollars a week in the summer and five in the winter.

Her brother, who was now sixteen, had a situation as clerk in a dry goods store, with a hundred and fifty dollars per annum, and

these formed the entire resources of the family.

On the autumn afternoon of which I write, Mrs. Reynolds sat in her old place by the window. The lines on her pale face had grown deeper since the death of her boy, and the silver shone brighter and thicker in her hair. Ellen had just laid the tablecloth for supper. The round, childish face was blossoming into the soft outlines of early womanhood, and the laugh held by the deep blue eyes had lost somewhat more of its old merriment.

"Isn't it strange, mother, that Elizabeth don't come?" she asked, smoothing the corners of the fine ancient damask.

"Yes, dear, I was just thinking of that. The wind is blowing up cool, too. I'm afraid it will bring on her cough again."

The door opened, and Elizabeth Reynolds entered the room. She had grown taller and slighter in these three years, and the small roses were quite quenched in her fair young cheeks. She sat down in the nearest chair, without removing her bonnet and shawl, and burying her face in her hands burst into tears.

"Why, my darling, what is the matter?" eagerly asked her mother.

"It's taken me two hours to get home to-night, mother. I had to sit down three times on the road, and the pain in my side has been sharp as the cut of a knife all day. Oh, mother, my health has all gone."

Mrs. Reynolds rose and walked feebly to her child—"My daughter," she said, "I have tried to shut my eyes to it for the last year. That school is killing you."

"But, mother, I must die then, for I cannot give it up so long as I can crawl or stagger there."

"Yes, you can," interposed Ellen, coming forwards, her eyes full of tears, but a brave purpose shining through them—"I can take your place, Elizabeth, for awhile, until you get stronger. You don't know how much this has been on my mind, nor how hard I've been studying lately in view of it; for I saw you were sinking under the work."

A severe attack of coughing retarded the young teacher's answer, and before it was over there came a loud, hasty summons at the front door. Ellen answered it, and Mr. Jacobs, a sun-burnt, broad-shouldered, stolid farmer, with an honest, good-natured face, walked right in. Years ago, he had been Mr. Reynolds's gardener, and had always proved himself a stanch friend of the family.

"Miss Reynolds," speaking in his kindly,

abrupt way, "here's a letter for you I just found at the post-office, and I thought I might as well step over on my way home, and hand it in."

The widow took the letter in silent surprise. She did not recognize the bold, business hand, and opened the envelop in a little nervous tremor. It was written by one of the executors of Jerome Reynolds's will, and briefly informed her that her husband's brother had died recently and suddenly, and had left her and her children in his will the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars. Mrs. Reynolds laid down the letter.

"What does it mean?—what does it mean?" she asked, turning from one astonished face to the other; for the tidings had fairly bewildered her. It was too much—too good to believe.

Mr. Jacobs seized the letter in some alarm, and read it aloud, carrying his voice steady to the close. The sun-burnt face of the farmer was radiant for joy, as he finished.

"Wall," was his characteristic comment, "if that are aint the greatest windfall!" and he drew a long breath.

Ellen was the first who seemed really to comprehend the meaning of the letter—

"I'll tell you what it is," she cried, amid her jets of happy tears—"it's life, and peace, and comfort to us all. It's rest and medicine for you, mamma, and Elizabeth. It's a new and pleasant home, and freedom from the long poverty, which has eaten into our very lives, for us all."

Then Harry came in. These three years had changed him into a tall, slender youth. He was not long in hearing the good tidings. Of what followed, it is easier to imagine than to write. The long darkness was over for them at last, and with the death of Jerome Reynolds the morning had dawned for them. Harry and Ellen talked the most, and laid all kinds of plans for the future—

"We'll rent some new, pleasant little cottage, Harry, and you shall have a horse and carriage, and take mamma and Elizabeth to ride every day; and you and I will go to the academy; and you can prepare for college—only think of it all!"

"It's glorious, Ellen. What makes you so still over it all, Elizabeth?"

The young girl smiled.

"I like to sit and hear you and Ellen talk, and think I shall not have to go to school to-morrow."

"No, nor never any more—thank God!" said her mother.

And in the hollow of Elizabeth Reynolds's cheek, there glowed now something that was like a bright living coal of fire; and the mother's voice broke up into sobs—

"Oh, if my dead boy out yonder had only lived to see this day!" she said; and the glad faces around her all fell into a shadow of grief.

The mother's lightened first—

"He has gone to better riches than these," she said, with a smile, that made her wan face beautiful.

CHAPTER III.

"It's a handsome monument, Harry."

"Very, Ellen; and a handsome epitaph, too."

The lady who spoke first was young—somewhere in her early twenties. She had a face that combined sweetness, refinement and intelligence in a very rare degree; and the young man who stood by her side looked, as he was, a little her senior. He had a fine, manly countenance—one you would have respected and trusted at once.

"But, somehow," continued Ellen Reynolds, "it seems to me that it might be better for the soul of Jerome Reynolds if part of his epitaph had never been written. 'Christian philanthropist, public benefactor,' he might have been—true relative he never was, as three low graves, far away from this one, bear solemn witness. Norman—Elizabeth—mother—we might all be here to-day, a happy, unbroken family, if the man who lies under these green sods had done his duty to us. His money came too late to save Elizabeth—it was that school killed her; and it was the loss of Norman and Elizabeth that killed mother. She couldn't rally after that last blow."

The words were suddenly checked here by a storm of tears and sobs, which shook the graceful young figure to and fro. The young man drew his arm around his sister. He was silent for awhile, and his heart rose up for a moment in bitter accusation against the dead, who lay at his feet. At last, he spoke—

"Ellen, he has gone where God, not we, shall judge him."

She looked up—the sweet lady, through her tears—

"I know it, Harry; and yet, when I stood to-day before that magnificent pile of buildings they called the Reynolds Library, and the crowds about us were making speeches, and doing us honor for his sake, I was thinking of my blighted childhood—of my brother's

baffled and broken youth—of my sister's sweet and suffering girlhood—of my mother's long years of toil and sorrow—thinking, too, of all the noble promise and possibilities of Norman's manhood, and Elizabeth's sweet, lost womanhood; and standing there, I said to myself, sternly and bitterly—"Jerome Reynolds, the money that laid the foundations of one of those buildings, would have kept them all on earth to this day; and that lofty pile and those low graves stand up to-day to witness against you."

"I said all this, too, Ellen, sweet sister; and then I remembered—"

"What?"

"That perhaps he and they had met together, and they would forgive him."

Her flushed face dropped into calm—

"If *they* have forgiven him, so should we," she murmured.

"That is true, Ellen," and though the money came too late to save them, it has been full of good and blessing for us."

She looked up with a smile; and the smile of Ellen Reynolds was worth going far to see:

"I thought of that yesterday, Harry, while you were delivering your oration at Commencement. Oh, Harry, these last years have been happy years for us!"

"They have been happy years for the dead, too, darling sister, and they have what our mother said Norman had that night the fortune came—better riches than ours."

She smiled again—

"Oh, Harry! your words comfort me."

"And we will be glad, not only for our own sakes and for theirs, that while we have enough of this world's goods for our need and comfort, after much early suffering has taught us to truly appreciate and enjoy them, *they* are gone where they have the better, eternal riches."

There were no more words spoken. They both looked up a moment at the lofty granite monument, at whose feet slept all that was mortal of their uncle, Jerome Reynolds.

The capitol glowed brightly over them in the sunset light, and all bitterness and indignation had faded from the eyes of Harry and Ellen Reynolds as they gazed on it. Then the lady took her brother's arm, and the two went silent and serious out of the cemetery at Woodside.

And how many among the dead and the living are there like this man, Jerome Reynolds, of whom I have written. How many who hoard and clutch their wealth to the end,

and then leave it to endow colleges and found asylums and libraries, and all manner of high-sounding public institutions, while their own kindred may be secretly wearing down a life of suffering and toil into the grave, for want of a little of this wealth, hoarded in life, to buy a name after death.

Ah, how many public benefactions are founded in private wrongs. How often he that is unjust in little, is generous in much. A man's first duty—first charity, is to his own kindred, although neither of them end there; and he who thoughtlessly, heartlessly, wilfully neglects his own relatives, will find that all splendid public donations and charities, which men praise and trumpet with sounding brass and tinkling cymbal will not purchase for them the kingdom of Heaven.

"It is appointed unto man once to die, but after this, the judgment!"

"Gine Ille Lacryma."

BY MRS. CHARLOTTE BARNES.

I.

The sun upon the eastern hill
In Otter's vale is sinking sweet;
The west-land wind is hushed and still,
The stream lies sleeping at my feet.

II.

Yet not the landscape, to my eyes,
Bears those bright hues that once it bore,
Though evening, with its richness, dyes
The autumn hills on Otter's shore.

III.

With saddened look, along the plain,
I see the silver current glide,
And coldly mark the holy fane
Of P d, rising in its pride.

IV.

The quiet calm, the balmy air,
The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree—
Are they still such as once they were?
Or is the dreary change in me?

V.

Alas! the "warp'd and broken board,"
How can it bear the painter's dye?
The harp of strain'd and tuneless chord,
How to the minstrel's skill reply?

VI.

To my sad eyes each landscape lowers,
Each gale blows chill—my hopes are done,
Since he for whom I've watch'd in vain,
Is sleeping by thy shore, Bull Run!

LAY SERMONS.

Heavy Laden.

To most men, the burden of threescore years is heavy. It was heavy to old Mr. Armstrong, and he bent under it, as he moved on his path of life wearily. We say the burden of years, but we mean the states of mind wrought in these years—the feelings left permanent—the ends confirmed.

Mr. Armstrong had lived, as a great many others live, for himself; and so he was heavy laden, and bent wearily, for such a life does not lead to rest and peace. Millions upon millions, since the world began, have tried this way of living as much for themselves as possible. In all cases it has proved a failure, and it will continue to disappoint and leave the hearts of all who walk therein weary and heavy laden.

"And I will give you rest."

As a Sunday-school scholar, when a little boy not six years old, Henry Armstrong, for punctual attendance and good behaviour, had received twelve blue tickets. Upon each of them was printed a verse of Scripture. For these twelve tickets he received a white one, the value of which, as entitling the holder to a premium at the annual distribution of books, was equal to the twelve blue ones. On this white ticket was that touching and beautiful invitation of our Lord—"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The passage went into the child's memory and fixed itself there permanently. Even as a child he felt its pathos. It was more loving and compassionate—came nearer to human weakness and human want; even a child has perception of these—than any other text of Holy Writ that had yet found lodgment in his thought. He repeated it to himself very often; and sometimes spoke it aloud, as he was playing, unconscious that words were on his lips.

"And I will give you rest." More than fifty years afterwards, as he sat alone, bending in spirit under the pressure of a burden that he vainly tried to cast off, this promise, treasured up since childhood, was spoken in his thoughts anew; and he caught after it with a kind of tremulous hope.

"Come unto me." He went back to the beginning of the text, and let the whole of it pass through his mind. The newly awakened hope grew faint. "Come unto me!" Alas! he felt himself to be a great way off—standing at an almost immeasurable distance. He must draw near to God; must turn from the world, even as Bunyan's Christian had turned, and make a long and toilsome journey before he could arrive at the Promised

Land—God's dwelling place. He was heavy laden—faint, stooping, sick at heart from pressure of mental burdens—and there was no ease, nor rest for him, unless he went to God.

"And I will give you rest." It was as if an angel had spoken to him. All the sweetness and tenderness of the promise, as it had been perceived in childhood, was, for a moment, perceived again. Then there arose up between the innocent past, and the unhappy present, the mountain barrier of his strong, self-reliant, self-seeking manhood; and he felt sadly, and almost despairingly, that the promise was not for him. Rest!—rest! He wanted rest now. After the long struggle and battle of life, weary, exhausted, wounded in the conflict, how his soul did long for peace and rest! But they came not. The strength of manhood was gone—the old, c'rmastering will baffled at every turn. A sense of weakness made heavier all the burdens that rested on his weary shoulders.

"Come unto me!" An angel turned again the old leaf of memory on which this was written in golden letters, and he read it with a new thrill of feeling. Forty years before, on the threshold of lusty manhood, he had stepped strong and confident into the world—sufficient unto himself—trusting in human prudence. Three times, only, in all these forty years, had Mr. Armstrong felt himself powerless in the hands of God; and three times, in these forty years, out of a great deep of wretchedness and pain, had he lifted his soul and prayed—asking that he might not be forced to drink of a bitter cup that his lips were tasting. But, the cup did not pass from him. Three times he drank to the dregs. Three times there was the shadow of death in his home; and three times the translation therefrom of a pure young spirit destined for an angelic society in heaven. And now, in failing manhood, he was almost alone; and oppressed with a sense of weakness. In this state, as we have seen, out of the innumerable things stored in his memory, came up to light that touching invitation of our Lord, so full of compassion; at first awakening hope, then dropping a shadow over his mind, and again leading his thought up to Him without whom there is no peace, no rest, no satisfaction of soul.

In despair of any other way to get eased from the burden that was growing heavier and heavier all the while, Mr. Armstrong, in answer to the invitation, "Come unto me," spoken so clearly in his mind, lifted his heart, and said—"How shall I come?" And in the pause that followed this petition, another leaf in his book of memory was turned, and the writing thereon, inscribed more

than fifty years before, was very clear. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." It seemed like an answer to his almost despairing petition; but an answer as little expected as understood. What did it mean? He was still more disturbed, instead of being tranquillized.

"Oh, give me rest and peace!" he said, crying upwards now, eagerly. "I am weary: I am heavy laden. Oh, send me the rest thou hast promised to all who come unto thee!" He prayed, but the burden was not removed. The only change that took place, was a further coming into external light of long shut pages in the book of memory, on which were written text after text of Holy Scripture; and these texts all taught neighborly love as the only way to heaven. Mr. Armstrong began pondering some of these. As he pondered, light came into his mind, and he saw them to be true. His rational thought affirmed the divine precepts. And even as he so affirmed them, a measure of peace came into his soul; and the burden under which he stooped grew lighter.

"This is the way; walk ye in it!" How like a voice speaking through the outer ear came this precept—the utterance was so distinct!

Not far away from the luxurious, but desolate feeling home of Mr. Armstrong, lived the widow of a clergyman. She had five children, the oldest in her fifteenth year—the youngest six. Three were girls and two were boys. It was one year since the husband and father died, as most clergymen die, poor. Since his departure, his widow had been striving to earn enough by sewing, and also by giving lessons in drawing and painting, to get food and raiment for herself and children. But, so far, her earnings had proved insufficient; and, gradually, her mind was being overcome by fear and doubt. A sister, living five hundred miles away in the west, on a farm, had written, offering to give her oldest daughter a home. But she shrank from the thought of this home for her tenderly raised child. She would "be useful" to her, the sister wrote. What that meant was too well understood by the mother. No—no. She could not let this child leave her, to become a household drudge in a western farm-house. The youngest, a bright, beautiful child, had attracted the notice of a lady in town, and she had asked her for adoption.

"Give away my pet lamb!" sobbed the mother, in reply. "No—no—no. Not while I have an arm strong enough to hold her against my side."

In the heart of Mrs. Leland, mother-love was an intense passion, and absorbed all mere personal considerations. With her, it was not mere feeling; but a love that took on the form of wisdom. She regarded the highest good of her children; and as thought reached onward into the coming years, and saw them men and women, what she most desired was, that they should be good and useful.

And, looking to this result, she never weakly indulged them, but, with all diligence and patience sought to repress what was evil, and to educate them in an orderly obedience to right precepts; and especially to the precepts of religion. If she could maintain them at home, home was their best place. But, how was she to do this? After one struggling year, the task seemed hopeless. If she could have procured as many as fifteen or twenty scholars, all would have been easy. But, so far, only three pupils had been obtained; and all deficiencies of income had to be supplied, if supplied at all, by means of the needle. The needle proved inadequate; even though the toiling mother had wrought with it late and early, until the foundations of life were being touched and shaken. Weak, weary, sick, and heavy laden, she was beginning to faint by the way. A night in which neither moon nor stars were visible, seemed closing around her.

"This is the way, walk ye in it." Mr. Armstrong was still pondering the divine precept, when an angel had brought up out of long hidden memories, when the physician, who had been his family attendant for over thirty years, came in. They were personal friends.

"I have seen to-night, what has given me pain," said the doctor. "You know Mrs. Leland?"

"I knew her husband; or, rather, of him. Saw him frequently; but had no particular acquaintance."

"He was a good man."

"I have always heard him well spoken of."

"Few better men lived. But, he died poor, and left five children for his widow to support—five as lovely children as I ever saw grouped in one family. And they are good children. I have had opportunities for observing them, and can speak favorably of their dispositions and culture. Mrs. Leland, besides being a very loving and devoted, is also a wise and careful mother."

"How is she getting along?" asked Mr. Armstrong, with an awakening interest.

"Badly," said the doctor.

"I'm sorry for that." There was a livelier interest in the old man's voice. "What is she doing?"

"She has two or three scholars in drawing and painting; but the income from this source hasn't amounted to much. For the rest, she has depended on the needle."

"To support herself and five children!"

"To keep the wolf of hunger from her door," replied the physician.

Mr. Armstrong dropped his eyes from the doctor's face. There was a shade on his countenance. He felt what was coming. There was to be a call for aid; and the old instincts of selfishness were arousing themselves to stand guard. But, for all their alertness, Compassion entered his heart. He felt pity for Mrs. Leland, and with pity, the desire

to help her came into life. Then it was that he heard the divine precept again spoken, and with greater distinctness in his inward ear:—"This is the way, walk ye in it." And following it, that other declaration:—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

The state of compassion increased.

"What of her now, doctor?" he asked.

"She must be helped," was answered. "A year of toil beyond her strength—of a hopeless struggle with difficulties impossible for her to overcome—has ended as I feared it would end. Hastily summoned this evening by one of her frightened children, I found her bleeding at the lungs."

"Badly?" asked Mr. Armstrong, with an excitement of manner not expected by the doctor.

"Not dangerously, if she can be helped for a while, and so afforded complete rest. But, if this be not done, her life is in peril. It will be easy, of course, to get temporary aid. I have but to make known her condition to a few families of the right character, and a supply of food, sufficient for weeks, will be sent in. All well, so far as it goes. But, when she recovers, and begins to get about again, she will be left as before, to an unequal strife with fortune. There will come another breaking down, closing, it may be, with death; and five children, tenderly loved and wisely cared for, will be scattered in the world. It makes me sad to think of it! Ought such things to be, my friend? In the ten houses that stand, five east and five west, of the little dwelling she occupies, enough is wasted every month to keep her and her children supplied for a whole year with food and raiment. From these ten houses, every Sabbath, they go forth to church, prayer-book in hand, and men and women try to save their souls by singing and praying, instead of through neighborly love, and the good deeds that the Father of all enjoins it upon us to do one unto another. It is wrong, all wrong! To do good, and to communicate—that is the law of spiritual life as I understand it. When the Lord came down and dwelt among us, He went about doing good; and the memorable words spoken by Him on a certain occasion are for all men, in all time:—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." I think about these things, Mr. Armstrong, for my profession brings me face to face with a large amount of wrong and suffering, that cries perpetually to heaven, shaming the church, and setting the seal of a false professorship upon thousands and thousands of its members. But, I am wandering from Mrs. Leland. Something substantial ought to be done for her. I can get, as I said, temporary relief; but this true mother should be placed in circumstances favorable to her health, and to the maintenance and education of her children."

"How is she to be placed in such circum-

stances?" asked Mr. Armstrong, with no obstructed interest. His heart was touched; and he was in earnest.

"She draws and paints, beautifully," said the doctor, in reply. "What she needs, is such help for, say a year, as will enable her to devote all the time she can spare from her family to this art, not only in perfecting herself and preparing specimens of her skill, but in seeking for pupils and giving them instructions. While more than half her time is given to exhausting needle-work—while she seeks to unite sewing with drawing—she will never do anything as a teacher. She must be free to devote herself to this employment, or she cannot succeed. I know that if she were rightly helped, she would, before a year ended, have as many scholars at home, and in schools, as she could attend to, and get liberal pay."

"She shall be helped, doctor," said Mr. Armstrong, quietly, but in a voice that the physician knew meant all, and more than all, his words conveyed. "The present need is, of course, the first thing to be considered," he added. "The heavy burden that is crushing her spirit to the earth, must be lifted off. Her mind must be set at ease. Then she must have full time to recover her strength. Let this first work be my work."

"Spoken like a man and a Christian!" exclaimed the doctor, taking the hand of Mr. Armstrong, and grasping it warmly.

"I don't know about the Christian," answered the old man, faintly smiling. "I am no professor, as you are aware."

"They are Christians who walk in Christ's footsteps," said the doctor. "Who imitate, from a right spirit, his example while on earth. This is the way to peace, rest, and true happiness. And there is no other way. We must follow Him. How? He walked His path of life in this world, doing good, and we follow Him only when we walk in the same path. All other ways lead to unhappiness. But, I am preaching!"

"I will pay her rent for a year," said Mr. Armstrong.

"That will do. With a home secured to her, I shall not find it hard to make up the rest. Mrs. Leland understands economy. She knows how to make a little go a great way."

The doctor's face beamed with pleasure.

"Take this for present needs." And Mr. Armstrong gave the doctor a small sum of money. "When more is wanted, let me know. She must not suffer—must not be too heavily burdened—must not be separated from her children. Give her full time to recover her strength and get established in the way proposed; and call on me for all additional help required."

When Mr. Armstrong found himself alone again, there was no burden resting on his soul; nor was he sitting in darkness as before. There was a sense of rest, of peace, of deep interior satisfaction,

such as he never in all his life remembered to have felt. In answer to the invitation, "Come unto me!" he had, in his strange distress of mind, asked, "How shall I come?" None ask of God in sincerity, for spiritual light and direction, without the fitting answer. It does not always come as expected. The way that opens is not always from whence the eyes are looking—not always the way in which we are willing to walk. The answer that came to Mr. Armstrong was not, at first, clearly understood, but, light broke more and more clearly into his mind, and when he saw the way, he walked in it. Laboring and heavily laden, he went to the Lord in the way of neighborly good, and found rest, sweeter, deeper, purer than he had ever experienced before.

He may not again find rest for his soul. The burdens lifted from his stooping shoulders, may weigh them down as of old—doubtless will weigh them down, for the states of life formed, and, in a large degree, confirmed through years, are not easily put off. The work is gradual. But, he will find rest and peace, if, having found the right way, he walk therein. When he stops walking onward, and turns back towards the Egypt out of which God, by the hand of neighborly love, is seeking to deliver him, he will feel the old crushing weight, and perceive the old darkness; but when he moves forward again, in the ways of self-denial and charity, light will break in upon him, and his burdens fall off. He will have peace, and rest, and an inward delight that passeth understanding.

T. S. A.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Cross Children.

BY M. D. R. B.

Whose fault is it? Not the mother's truly, for she has humored its fretfulness, gathered all her treasures for its amusements, walked the floor by the hour with it in her arms, until both back and shoulders ache with her burden and "forced march;" and now all her resources have failed, and her temper and patience, so sorely tried, are about to fail also. But softly, mothers, are you not somewhat to blame for all this?

If your child's fretfulness is not occasioned by sickness—and we should never call a sick infant cross—its fits of ill-humor are not improbably caused by over indulgence on your part, and submission to its petty tyranny, when a gentle firmness, in resisting the demands of its undisciplined will, might have saved you much trouble for the future. It seemed so much easier for you to yield, so much less of an effort to give up the article cried for, than to establish a wholesome authority, that you have ended by becoming the slave of infantile caprice. You find, when it is too late, that it is a formidable task to seek to gratify every whim of your fretful child, and so you are wearing your life out with what is termed "a cross baby."

But in doing so are you not committing a fatal error? You not only make your own life unhappy, but your little one must be wretched also. It is too much to expect that ill-habits formed in infancy, will lessen as the youth grows into maturity. On the contrary, fierce passions, uncontrolled temper, pampered appetites, fostered while young, will increase with the growth, and strengthen with the strength, until the world itself would not satisfy the avarice of possession. Each human monster that this earth has produced, has

become so by having his desires indulged in infancy. There was a time when a Nero could weep at the recital of another's sorrow; CALIGULA's deep-dyed crimes had their spring in the gratification of his cruel propensity to destroy insect life—a feat which he could with difficulty perform with his infant hand.

But beside a laxitude of parental discipline, may not your child be an imitator or inheritor of your own bad temper? Like insanity, of which it is a species, it may be transmitted; for mysterious and unsearchable are the laws which govern the union of mind with that grosser material the body; and it is not impossible that these fits of ill-humor, to which your offspring is subject, may have their origin and be traced to a want of a proper control over your own spirit.

For the sake then of your child's best welfare, and the peace and happiness of the whole household, keep a rigid watch upon your own temper, and never punish nor correct in any way while you feel an emotion of anger. Few even of the most stubborn will have the hardihood to say in so many words, "If you are cross, I will be cross too," but they act it out in their conduct; and the earliest once begun, is like "fighting fire with fire."

Children too, are apt to imitate. How often do we see the elder children, while playing "mother" with the younger, slap, stamp, and scold, as if those were indeed the legitimate rights of the maternal office? Is it so? Must mother—that watchword of love and tenderness—be synonymous with the practice of a domestic tyrant?

We learn much from child life. Many a mother, who has outwardly appeared a model of gentleness and affection, has been betrayed by these infant caricaturists. Their dolls will be fondled and petted one moment, the next assailed by every

opprobrious epithet, and threatened with the most unheard-of punishments, which never could or would be carried out, but are only dictated by the passion of the moment? From whence do these childish imitators derive their talent for scolding?

It is very important, then, in dealing with what is termed "crossness" in children, to have a firm gentleness in your own manner, which shall be the exact opposite of theirs. You should speak in low, quiet tones; soothe instead of irritate. Most children have what are called their "cross days." Some disordered state of the body or nervous system, causes everything to go wrong. We, who are adults, know how we feel when this is the case with ourselves. There is a screw loose somewhere; all is dismal and unpromising. We say that we have "the blues." So have children too in a less degree. No one can tell the little disturbances that have annoyed and jarred their delicate nerves; but the outward manifestation of the disease is invariably termed "crossness," though in most instances it should be dealt with in a spirit of love and kind-

ness. Look well to it, what it is that causes this irritability and fretfulness in the child, before you proceed with it as an offender.

Often this disordered temperament goes with your child through life. This is a sad case. No one can feel wholly at ease with a person subject to such sudden changes and outbursts of temper; and in many instances their company is avoided, because he or she is so easily excited to violent passion. Then too they will be most unhappy themselves, because they have said and done what they would so gladly atone for, if they were not too proud to apologize. Let us then, so far as in our power, study the causes that combine to make "cross children" out of those whose very existence should be glad and sunny; and thus counteracting the sway of the demon Ill-Temper, we may expect to see our little ones lovely, gentle, and mild; happy themselves, and the cause of happiness to others.

PARKESBURG, CHESTER CO., PA.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

The New Year's Gift.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"I don't know what in the world will please you, dear," said Mr. Hamlin to his wife. "If I did, I'd go a great ways, and spend a good deal of money, to get the gift for this New Year's."

Mrs. Hamlin looked up, and smiled in her husband's face. She knew that these were not mere words with him, spoken in some after-dinner mood of physical comfort and general self-complacency, which overflowed on others in kind speeches and promises, but never went any farther than that.

On the contrary, Mr. Hamlin's deeds always went farther than his words, and his wife knew that he would go far and do much to bring her, as he said, some gift to gladden her eyes and rejoice her heart on this New Year's day.

"We have very much to be thankful for, Gerald," said the lady, leaning forward, and resting her arm on her husband's knee. She had a fine, kindly, intelligent face; not exactly handsome, but with some charm more attractive and persistent than beauty.

"So we have, Mary," and the gentleman glanced through the long perspective of his handsomely furnished rooms, on which taste and wealth combined had lavished luxury and beauty. The carpets soft as summer mosses, the walls flushed with rare pictures, the glow of rose-wood, the gleam of marble, would have feasted the æsthetic sense; but Mr. Hamlin knew, and the thought was a sharp

and bitter one to him, that the chiefest beauty and grace had gone from that stately dwelling, and that all its wealth and luxury could not woo it back, and that a shadow brooded heavy and dark over his home.

It rested, too, on the sweet face of his wife; that cold brooding shadow from the grave; for up in the nursery two little cribs, with curtains soft and light as the new winter's first flakes of snow, were silent and empty; and the two pairs of little pattering feet, that used to falter with the sound of rain-drops on the velvet carpets; and two little faces, a boy and a girl's, the one brave and eager, the other sweet and tender, lay under the autumn grass, which the winds had combed, and the rains had crushed, until now there was no more life left in it, no more than there was in the two small marble figures laid under it, the figures which a year ago had been so full of warmth and glow, motion, and all that we call the grace of life.

And so it was no wonder that Mrs. Hamlin sat in her stately home on the new day of the new year, in her mourning dress, with her heart aching and desolate. Her husband looked in her face. He knew well she was trying to put on its look of good cheer for his sake; and he felt, too, that the grief which lay under it was too deep and solemn for any words which he could summon to reach and solace. But his silence spoke his tender sympathy with it all, and his wife understood it. At last he spoke:

"Perhaps I shall come across something that I

think will strike you before night, and I'll bring it up in that case, Mary," stroking her hair with his hand.

"Bring yourself up, Gerald," smiled the wife tenderly. "That will be worth a great deal more than any other gift; besides I've outgrown my old girlish raptures over all sorts of pretty presents."

"But I like to bring them just for the old association's sake," answered the gentleman, getting up and giving his wife her good-morning kiss.

That morning, as the gentleman sat in his office, at the back of his large warehouse, he happened to be for a few moments alone, which was a very unusual thing with him, for the small room was usually invaded by head-clerks and under-clerks, salesmen, book-keepers, and business men outside, on all sorts of errands; but this being a kind of holiday for the city in general, and Mr. Hamlin's employees in particular, that gentleman found the ordinary stream which flowed into his office somewhat intermitted. And in the silence it seemed to him that he caught a repressed sound, that was like a low, grieved sobbing, not far away. The gentleman sitting by the desk leaned his head on his hand and listened sedulously. Yes, there came the sound again; he could not be mistaken now.

Somehow it touched the rich merchant and troubled him. Perhaps on this day his heart was unusually tender, for his thoughts had been much with the little graves under the faded grass; and it was never a long way nor a cold one to the heart of Gerald Hamlin. He opened the office door softly, and went out in the direction whence the sound proceeded.

In a few moments he came suddenly upon a small figure, seated on a high stool in a dark corner of the warehouse—a small figure, with its head bowed down on the counter, and sobs shivering it to and fro. The boy was so absorbed in his own grief that he had not observed the footsteps of the man, and the first intimation which he had of Mr. Hamlin's presence was when a hand was laid softly on his shoulder, and a kind voice asked, "My little man, what is the matter with you?"

The child looked up—surprise, consternation, fear, all striving for mastery in his face, stained with tears. He tried to speak, but the great sob in his throat met the words and vanquished them, and that was all the reply Mr. Hamlin got.

The gentleman thought, as he looked on the pitiful upturned face, that it was not altogether a strange one to him, though certainly not a very familiar one. It was a delicate, intelligent face, with little of the robust look of a strong, healthful childhood.

"I was thinking about my dead mother and my little sister Ellen," struggled out the boy.

"And how did you come here to think about them?" questioned the now keenly interested merchant.

"I promised to be on hand, for an hour or two, to see if there were any errands to do, sir!"

"Oh, that explains; so you are errand boy here. I must have come across your face once in awhile. How long have you been in the store?"

"I've been here a month, sir. I came just two weeks after mother died."

"Well, my child, come with me into the office," and Mr. Hamlin took hold of the small, thin hand, and led the loving boy into his warm, pleasant office.

He placed the boy, whose years could not yet have run into a dozen, in a comfortable arm-chair, and said some of those kind, reassuring words to him which always comfort the heart of a child. And then, when Mr. Hamlin saw that he had somewhat won the boy's confidence, he went on questioning him in a kind, delicate way, until he had become possessed of the boy's story, which I must condense for you here, oh, my young readers.

This boy's name was Edward Thayer; his father had been dead almost four years. His mother had struggled after his death, as a mother will, for her children's sake, to keep fuel and food for the boy and girl that the father's stout arm and brave heart could shelter no longer. But her health, always delicate, had broken down at last; they removed from one poor lodging to another, the last lodging always being poorer and smaller than the preceding one.

At last, Mrs. Thayer was unable to sit up, and the sole dependence of the family was on the small sum that Edward could earn by the sale of his newspapers. Finally—the sobs broke thick into the boy's tale here—the poor emaciated young mother died, receiving with her dying breath a promise from her son that he would always watch over and take care of his little sister Ellen, so long as they both should live.

The woman who rented the floor beneath the chamber where Mrs. Thayer died, had been kind, and by the sale of the scant furniture had defrayed the expenses of the funeral, reserving a few chairs, an old table and some crockery for herself, and offering the little girl a few weeks' board for this; and her brother, who was one of the porters at Mr. Hamlin's warehouse, had obtained the situation of errand boy for Edward, at a dollar and a half a week; and the boy was quite certain that his mother would have approved of this change in his business, as it was much pleasanter than selling newspapers out in the cold and rain, and he had a fixed salary of a dollar and a half a week.

But his little sister had now quite boarded out the remnant of her mother's furniture and the woman who owned it, could not afford to keep her any longer at less than a dollar a week, this being the price he paid for his own board; and so, the new year was opening for Edward Thayer and his little sister, and in all the wide world there was no roof to shelter them; and the heart of the boy was

breaking, as he thought of—not of himself, but of the tender, helpless little girl, who, too young and weak to take care of herself, would be thrust out into the cold, pitiless world.

"Oh, sir, what will become of her—my poor little sister?" and the child closed his pathetic story with another break of sobs and tears.

"My boy," answered the merchant, whose heart has been deeply touched, "your little sister shall not be thrust homeless out into the cold world. I will see to that."

"Oh, sir!" What a radiant glance of surprise and gratitude beamed up from that boy's face. He could not find any words; he did not need any after that look!

The merchant was interrupted at this moment by a gentleman, who detained him on some business for the next half hour; and when he was gone, Mr. Hamlin said to Edward—

"Now, my boy, put your hat on—I am going to see this little sister of yours."

They went out together, and Mr. Hamlin took the little boy's hand tenderly as a father would have done, and the delighted child hurried the merchant through several broad thoroughfares into a narrow back street, and to the door of an old, brown, decayed dwelling, that looked as though it had nine-tenths of a mind to give up at once, and turn over, roof and all, into the street; and this dwelling stood among a good many others just as old and decayed, and possessed of the same indecision respecting the further maintenance of their equilibrium.

And Edward Thayer led the rich merchant up a long flight of stairs, and opened the door on the landing, and there among half a dozen dirty, broad-faced, staring, tow-headed children, was a little girl, with wide, wondering blue eyes, and pretty, delicate features, and short, golden curls, astray about her face; and this was Ellen Thayer, looking like some sweet-lily, blossoming in that strange, uncongenial atmosphere.

She came forwards when her brother called her, and nestled up to his side, her blue eyes growing wider for wonder; but in a little while, the gentleman's kind face and voice won her to sit on his knee, and play with his gold chain; and at last, the child looked up in his face with her bright, wistful one, which had only seen half a dozen years.

"Oh," said she, "you are just as kind to me as mamma used to be when she was here."

"My little girl," and involuntarily the gentleman's arms closed about the small form, "would you like to go with me to a lady—a very sweet, kind tender-hearted lady, who will be to you what your own mamma used to be, and who lives in a nice, warm, large, beautiful home, a long ways from here?"

The listening face brightened and brightened, with longing and eagerness.

"Oh, I should like to go with you—and Edward!" lisped the child, her shyness all lost in wondering eagerness; and she slipped softly from the gentleman's knee, and laid her small hand in his large one, and said wistfully—

"Can we go to see the beautiful lady that is like mamma, now?"

At that moment, the mistress of the chamber entered. She was a coarse, rough, untidy woman, but not altogether heartless, as her conduct towards the orphan boy and girl had proved.

The amazement and bewilderment of this woman, when she encountered the merchant, surpasses description; but a few words from Mr. Hamlin explained all, and quite satisfied her, and she prepared Ellen for her departure as well as the child's wardrobe admitted, and followed the three to the door, with loud and reiterated thanks and blessings, after Mr. Hamlin had bestowed on her a ten-dollar note, which amply repaid her for the shelter which the orphans had found under her roof.

"Mary, I've brought you a New Year's gift that I think will please you," said Mr. Hamlin, an hour later, as he entered the sitting-room, leading by the hand a little, wondering, shy, sweet-faced child; and he removed her bonnet, and stroked the short, golden curls.

"Why, Gerald, what do you mean?" asked the astonished lady, while her book dropped from her hands to the floor.

And then Mr. Hamlin told his wife, briefly, the story which Edward Thayer had told him, sitting in his office that day, and the lady drank in every word, and before her husband had concluded, her soft, brown eyes were full of tears, and she had reached forwards and taken the small hands of Ellen Thayer in her own white ones, and stroked them tenderly, as a mother might have done. And in conclusion, Mr. Hamlin said—

"I thought, Mary, that as the children God gave us had left our home for the home in Heaven, you might take this little girl in their stead to your mother-heart, which has been so lonely and desolate."

And Mrs. Hamlin's arms wrapped themselves around the sweet child tightly, and her heart overflowed with warmth and tenderness towards the little girl, as she said—

"Poor little motherless darling! Oh, Gerald! it is the best New Year's gift you could have brought me!"

And afterwards, there was no more cold nor loneliness—no more poverty nor suffering for them; for Mr. and Mrs. Hamlin surrounded with all loving and tender care the children of their adoption, Edward and Ellen Thayer.

See that each hour's feelings and thoughts and actions are pure and true; then will your life be such.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

TURKEY BRAISED.—An enthusiastic lover of good cheer, thus describes the braising and serving of a turkey or leg of mutton:—

The bottom of a stew-pan is strewed with slices of bacon and beef, (or veal and ham) sliced carrots, onions, celery, pot herbs, whole pepper, mace, and cloves: upon this bed is laid, in soft repose, the bird, or the joint, which is the special object of your care, which is then wrapped in a downy covering of the same materials, and the curtain of the lid is cautiously closed upon it. It is then placed on a moderate fire with hot embers on the top, and left to slumber in a state of gentle transpiration, under the guardian protection of a sylph of the kitchen, during as many hours as the priestess of the temple may deem salutary. When at length taken up, it rivals the charms of Venus newly risen from the bath; and when dressed in all its splendor—that is, dished with its sauce, we question whether the homage paid to the most admired beauty, on her first presentation in the drawing-room, was ever half so ardent or sincere as that which it receives when it makes its *entree* at the table. The most homely leg of mutton acquires in this way a degree of refinement which fits it for the highest society; it may indeed be conjectured that it cannot remain long in such intimate union with the piquant associates we have mentioned without acquiring a certain portion of taste; nor are these its only advantages—it imparts a certain tenderness, peculiarly agreeable to those who begin to feel the effects of time upon their masticatory powers, and who, altogether as fervent as ever in their admiration, do not altogether possess the vigor which distinguished the devotions of their youth.

A SWISS SOUP.—Boil three pounds of potatoes, mash them well, and add slowly some good broth, sufficient for the tureen. Let these boil together, then add some spinach, a little parsley, lemon, thyme and sage, all chopped very fine. Boil together five minutes; pepper and salt to taste. Just before taking it off the fire to serve, add two well-beaten eggs.

MANAGEMENT OF THE WATCH.—First: Wind your watch as nearly as possible at the same hour every day. Secondly: Be careful that your key is in good condition, as there is much danger of injuring the machine when the key is worn or cracked; there are more mainsprings and chains broken through a jerk in winding, than from any other cause, which injury will, sooner or later, be the result if the key be in bad order. Thirdly: As all metals contract by cold and expand by heat, it must be manifest, that to keep the watch as nearly as possible at one temperature is a necessary piece of attention. Fourthly: Keep the watch as constantly as

possible in one position—that is, if it hangs by day, let it hang by night against something soft. Fifthly: The hands of a pocket chronometer or duplex watch should never be set backwards; in other watches this is a matter of no consequence. Sixthly: The glass should never be opened in watches that set and regulate at the back. One or two other directions more it is of vital importance that you bear in mind. On regulating a watch, should it be fast, move the regulator a trifle towards the slow, and if going slow, do the reverse; you cannot move the regulator too slightly or too gentle at a time, and the only inconvenience that can arise is, that you may have to perform the duty more than once. On the contrary, if you move the regulator too much at a time, you will be as far, if not farther than ever, from attaining your object; so that you may repeat the movement until quite tired and disappointed—stoutly blaming both watch and watch-maker, while the fault is entirely your own. Again, you cannot be too careful in respect of the nature and condition of your watch-pocket; see that it be made of some material that is soft and pliant—such as wash-leather, which is the best, and also that there be no flue or nap that may be torn off when taking the watch out of the pocket. Cleanliness, too, is as needful here as in the key before winding; for if there be dirt or dust in either instance, it will, you may rely upon it, work its way into the watch, as well as wear away the engine-turning of the case.

BAKED BEANS.—Few people know the luxury of baked beans, simply because few cooks properly prepare them. Beans, generally, are not cooked half long enough. This is a sure method:—Two quarts of white beans, two pounds of salt pork, and one spoonful of molasses. Pick the beans, wash them, and add a gallon of boiling hot soft water. Let them soak in it over night; in the morning, put them in fresh water, and boil gently till the skin is very tender and about to break, adding a teaspoonful of saleratus; take them up dry, put them in your dish, stir in the molasses; gash the pork and put it in the dish, so as to have the beans cover all but the upper surface; turn in boiling water till the top is just covered; bake them with a steady fire, four or five hours; watch them, and add more water from time to time as it dries away.

TO MEND CROCKERY WARE.—One of the strongest cements and easiest applied for this purpose is lime and the white of an egg. To use it, take a sufficient quantity of the egg to mend one article at a time, shave off a small quantity of lime and mix thoroughly. Apply quickly to the edges and place firmly together, when it will very soon become set and strong. You will mix but a small quantity at once, as it hardens very soon so that it cannot be used.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

Use of the Nostrils.

People seem to be just learning that the nostrils were made to breath through, and that by conforming to the design of the Creator, many infectious fevers may be avoided, and pulmonary complaints lose much of their fatality. The following remarks are worthy of a careful reading. They are taken from Mr. Catlin's work on "The Breath of Life."

The mouth of man, as well as that of the brutes, was made for the reception and mastication of food for their stomach, and other purposes; but the nostrils, with their delicate and fibrous linings for purifying and warming the air in its passage, have been mysteriously constructed and designed to stand guard over the lungs—to measure the air and equalize its draughts, during the hours of repose. The atmosphere is nowhere pure enough for man's breathing until it has passed this mysterious refining process; and therefore the imprudence and danger of admitting it in an unnatural way in double quantities upon the lungs, and charged with the surrounding epidemic or contagious infections of the moment. The impurities of the air which are arrested by the intricate organizations and mucus in the nose, are thrown again from its interior barriers by the returning breath; and the tingling excitements of the few which pass them cause the muscular involutions of sneezing, by which they are violently and successfully resisted.

The air which enters the lungs is as different from that which enters the nostrils as distilled water is different from the water in an ordinary cistern or a frog pond. The arresting and purifying process of the nose upon the atmosphere, with its poisonous ingredients, passing through it, though less perceptible, is not less distinct, nor less important, than that of the mouth, which stops cherry-stones and fish-bones from entering the stomach.

The intricate organization in the structure of man, unaccountable as it is, seems in a measure divested of mystery, when we find the same phenomena (and others, perhaps, even more surprising) in the physical conformation of the lower order of animals; and we are again more astonished when we see the mysterious sensitiveness of that organ in instinctively and instantaneously separating the gases, as well as arresting and rejecting the material impurities of the atmosphere. This unaccountable phenomenon is seen in many cases. We see the fish surrounded with water, breathing the air upon which it exists. It is a known fact, that man can inhale through his nose, for a certain time, mephitic air, in the bottom of a well, without harm; but if he opens his mouth to answer a ques-

tion, or calls for help, in that position, his lungs are closed, and he expires. Most animals are able to inhale the same for a considerable time without destruction of life, and, no doubt, solely from the fact that their respiration is through the nostrils, in which the poisonous effluvia are arrested. There are many mineral and vegetable poisons also, which can be inhaled by the nose without harm, but if taken through the mouth destroy life. And so with poisonous reptiles and poisonous animals. The man who kills the rattlesnake or the copper-head, and stands alone over it, keeps his mouth shut, and receives no harm; but if he has companions with him, with whom he is conversing, over the carcasses of these reptiles, he inhales the poisonous effluvia through the mouth, and becomes deadly sick, and in some instances death ensues. Infinitesimal insects, also, not visible to the naked eye, are inhabiting every drop of water we drink, and every breath of air we breathe; and minute particles of vegetable substances, as well as of poisonous minerals, and even glass and silex, which float imperceptibly in the air, are discovered coating the respiratory organs of man; and the class of birds which catch their food in the air with open mouths as they fly, receive these things in quantities, even in the hollow of their bones, where they are carried and lodged by the currents of air, and detected by microscopic investigation.

Against the approach of these things to the lungs and the eyes, nature has prepared the guard by the mucous and organic arrangements, calculated to arrest their progress. Were it not for the liquid in the eye, arresting, neutralizing, and carrying out the particles of dust communicated through the atmosphere, man would soon become blind; and but for the mucus in his nostrils, absorbing and carrying off the poisonous particles and effluvia for the protection of the lungs and the brain, mental derangement, consumption of the lungs and death would ensue.

How easy and how reasonable it is to suppose, then, that the inhalation of such things to the lungs, through the expanded mouth and throat, may be a cause of consumption and other fatal diseases attaching to the respiratory organs; and how fair a supposition, also, that the deaths from the dreadful epidemics, such as cholera, yellow fever, and other pestilences, are caused by the inhalation of animalculæ in the infected districts; and that the victims to those diseases are those portions of society who inhale the greatest quantities of those poisonous insects in the lungs and to the stomach.

In man's waking hours, when his limbs, and muscles, and his mind are all in action, there may be but little harm in inhaling through the mouth,

if he be in a healthy atmosphere; and at moments of violent action and excitement it may be necessary. But when he lies down at night to rest from the fatigues of the day, and yields his system and all his energies to the repose of sleep; and his volition and all his powers of resistance are giving way to its quieting influence, if he gradually opens his mouth to the widest strain, he lets the enemy in that chills his lungs, that racks his brain, that paralyzes his stomach, that gives him the nightmare, brings him imps and fairies that dance before him during the night; and during the follow-

ing day headache, toothache, rheumatism, dyspepsia, and the gout. That man knows not the pleasure of sleep; he rises in the morning more fatigued than when he retired to rest—takes pills and remedies during the day, and renews his disease every night. A guilty conscience is even a better guaranty for peaceful rest than such a treatment of the lungs during the hours of sleep. Destructive irritation of the lungs, with its consequences, is the immediate result of this unnatural habit, and its continued and more remote effects, consumption of the lungs and death.

TOILETTE AND WORK TABLE.

SIX NEW STYLE JACKETS.

No. 1—Cloth Zouave jacket, edged with military braid.

No. 2—A fine cloth or cashmere jacket, beautifully braided, and made to wear open or closed in front, at the pleasure of the wearer.

No. 3—A rich Lyons velvet jacket, à la Zouave. Made also in rich glacé silk.

No. 4—A handsome specimen of a new style of ornamenting jackets, just introduced; made in fine ribbed-cloth, rich velvet, and silk.

No. 5—The latest style of tight-fitting shapes. This elegant jacket is peculiarly cut—very different from the usual body jacket—and fits in a superior manner. It has fewer seams, and is easier made. Got up in all suitable materials.

No. 6—Chemise-russe; one of the happiest efforts to unite the useful and cheap with a novel and stylish appearance. It will quite supersede the Garibaldi jacket, on which it is a great improvement. In cloth, cashmere, silk, and velvet.

LADIES' WORK-BASKET.

These articles allow great taste to be displayed in fitting them up, and, when well arranged, they form an elegant present, or a particularly suitable contribution to a fancy bazaar, so many of which are held during the year for charitable purposes. To render the instructions perfectly clear, two illustrations are given to show the manner of commencing and finishing this very ornamental article. The basket must be purchased, and can be had of various shapes. The material is generally a rich-colored satin, either blue, Magenta, violet or green. The length of the top of the basket must be measured, and two strips of satin taken; one the depth of the basket, the other two inches deeper, will be required, as they are tight round the top, but slightly gathered at the bottom; these two strips are laid together and divided into six by a row of stitching; these six divisions form the six pockets. In the front of each there is a lappet,

trimmed round with either quilled ribbon or gimp, and round the edge of the piece which falls over the rim of the basket a fringe must be added. All this part of the work is completed, so that it is ready to slip over the basket, requiring only to be fastened down between the pockets at the top, and stitched down all round the bottom, any little irregularity being entirely hid by the circular pin-cushion, which must be formed to fit the bottom of the basket. For this purpose a round of card-board must be taken, well wadded, and evenly raised, which is to be covered with the same material, being cut sufficiently large to be carried over the edge. This pin-cushion is then placed at the bottom of the basket, and a quilling of ribbon or gimp carried round it. Between each of the pockets there should be either a bow of ribbon with ends, or a silk tassel; these greatly improve the effect. Sometimes a basket with a handle is selected; if so, it should be twisted round with a cord and finished with two tassels at the ends where it is fixed on, or a ribbon twisted round, and two bows instead of the tassels.

INITIAL.



NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE POEMS OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Boston: Tick-
nor & Fields. Philadelphia: Wm. S. Martien & Co.

In blue and gold, we have an edition of the poems of Dr. Holmes. "Songs in Many Keys," are included in the dainty volume. It embraces, we presume, all the author's fugitive pieces that he desires to preserve. From a pleasant poetical address "To My Readers," we take these stanzas, which will find a response in the mind of every true poet:—

"Deal gently with us, ye who read!
Our largest hope is unfulfilled,—
The promise still outruns the deed,—
The tower, but not the spire, we build.

Our whitest pearls we never find;
Our ripest fruit we never reach;
The flowering moments of the mind
Drop half their petals in our speech.

These are my blossoms; if they were
One streak of morn or evening's glow,
Accept them: but to me more fair
The buds of song that never blow."

ORLEY FARM. A Novel. By Anthony Trollope. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

This story, which has been appearing in Harper's Magazine, is now published in a separate volume. Mr. Trollope writes very close to human nature and the actual experiences of every-day life. He has the skill to hold his reader's attention very closely; and that reader's moral perceptions must be dull indeed who glean no good from one of his novels.

THE BOOK OF DAYS. Parts VII., VIII. and IX. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

These numbers bring down this novel and attractive work to the first of May. They are full of curious records of old customs, and noted personages. You cannot turn a page without finding something to amuse or interest.

CHAMBER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA. A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People. On the Basis of the Latest Edition of the German Conversations Lexicon. Illustrated by wood engravings and maps. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Part 54 concludes the fourth volume of this rarely excellent work, and takes the alphabetic arrangement of subjects as far as the letter G. It is issued in numbers, at 15 cents each. They are in the best style of modern typography.

SERMONS, PREACHED AND REVISED. By the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. Seventh Series. N. York: Sheldon & Co.

There are twenty-two sermons in this volume, on as many different themes, in the ardent preacher's peculiar style of thought and manner.

AMERICAN HISTORY. By Jacob Abbott. Illustrated with numerous Maps and Engravings. Volume IV. Northern Colonies.

The fourth volume of this excellent series of books for young people, contains an account of the settlement of the Northern Colonies of America, at the three main points, viz: Plymouth, Massachusetts Bay, and the mouth of the Hudson River. Like the rest of Mr. Abbott's books, it has the merit of orderly arrangement, and plainly written sentences that give a clear idea of all the facts and localities described.

THE LIFE OF EDWARD IRVING. Minister of the National Scotch Church, London. By Mrs. Oliphant. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

A man of large sympathies, great enthusiasm, independent and eloquent, Irving commanded much attention in his day. From a humble teacher in Scotland, he rose to be one of the most attractive London ministers, drawing immense audiences, composed for the most part of intelligent and educated people. Finally, he lost himself in a religious enthusiasm that resulted in his suspension as a preacher in the National Scotch Church. No two men could have been more different in temperament and mode of expression than Doctor Chalmers and Edward Irving; and yet for a period the latter was pulpit assistant to the former. "Mrs. Oliphant has written the life of the lofty Scotch enthusiast *con amore*. She does not undertake to pronounce judgment on his peculiar views, but is interested chiefly with the man himself, and his noble, courageous warfare through a career encompassed with all human agonies. Irving was certainly a captivating figure, physically and intellectually looming above the men of his day. Mrs. Oliphant, without presenting any profound analysis of his character, gives a glowing picture of the man and his career. As such, her work will recommend itself to all students of biography."

MANUAL OF INSTRUCTION IN OBJECT LESSONS. By M. Wilson. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The new system of instruction set forth in this book, is worthy of consideration. It has been conceded that from one to four years of age, a child acquires a wider knowledge of things than during any other period of like duration. The order of this acquirement, is, first the object, and an idea concerning it; afterwards the name. Following this order of nature, Mr. Wilson proposes a system of instruction the very opposite of that now pursued in school—a system in which objects and ideas shall precede words. He does not begin with the dry, unintelligible alphabet, the signs of which, in

the abstract, mean nothing; but with objects, displayed on maps, or charts. After an idea of the object is formed in the child's mind, then the printed name becomes associated with the object and indelibly impressed. By the use of a chart containing objects, the names of which include every letter of the alphabet, it is alleged that all the elementary signs of our language may be quickly and pleasantly acquired.

A series of charts accompanies the Manual. Not having received them, we cannot describe them particularly. But they embrace, we believe, object lessons in all the various branches of ordinary school education.

The philosophy of this system, as briefly developed in Mr. Wilson's introduction to the Manual, is clearly stated, and will interest every one who thinks on the subject of education.

MEMOIRS OF THE REV. NICHOLAS MURRAY, D. D. By Samuel Francis Prime. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The religious world has not forgotten the controversial letters of "Kilwan," written by the subject of these memoirs. He emigrated to this country from Ireland, a boy twelve years of age—educated in the Catholic faith. Here he learned the printing business in the Harpers' establishment, New York. Afterwards, determining to have a liberal education, he entered Amherst College, meeting and overcoming all the difficulties that usually lie in the way of a poor but ambitious boy. He was successful. Leaving the Catholic Church, he embraced Protestantism, and his celebrated letters were in vindication of his faith. The Memoir by Mr. Prime is written with a genial appreciation of the man, his character, and his achievements.

A SYSTEM OF LOGIC. By P. McGregor, A. M. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

There is an effort to comprise, in this volume, within moderate limits, everything of general interest which properly belongs to Logic, free from prolixity or obscurity. It will be found a useful assistant in the acquirement of orderly habits of thought, the defect of which limits in so many naturally fine minds the broader results that might be obtained.

THE SIEGE OF RICHMOND. A Narrative of the Military Operations of Major General George B. McClellan during the months of May and June 1862. By Joel Cook, Special Correspondent of the Philadelphia Press with the Army of the Potomac. Philadelphia: George W. Childs.

This volume gives us a clear narrative, from the pen of an intelligent observer, of the Peninsular Campaign, about which there have been so many differences of opinion; the result of which so sadly disappointed and disheartened the people. But, a history of that campaign, entirely satisfactory to the public, has yet to be written.

THE VICTIMS OF LOVE. By Coventry Patmore, Author of "The Angel in the House," etc. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham.

Jane, the wife of Frederick, dies, and their son is married to the daughter of Honora Vaughan. Frederick has grown to love his wife, for her goodness and purity; through faithfulness, love has become victorious. Amid much that is crude, and much that reads like common-place, we find here and there in this, as well as in the preceding volumes, flashes of truth that seem like revelations to the poet's mind. He shadows out, dimly, a higher ideal of marriage than the world has yet received—the true ideal. And yet he writes so darkly, with such veiled utterances, that only the few will be able to rise upwards to the regions in which he dwells as a poet.

THE PHANTOM BOUQUET: A Popular Treatise on the Art of Skeletonizing Leaves and Seed Vessels, and Adapting them to Embellish the Home of Taste. By Edward Parish. Philad'a: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

A book on any subject, from an intelligent and cultivated mind, is always welcome. Such a book is this one. It describes a new art; or, as the author intimates, an old art revived. Recently a few persons of taste, in and around Philadelphia, have been engaged in the skeletonizing of leaves, and this little treatise is published in order to extend a wider knowledge of the means by which these delicate and beautiful preparations are made. Any one, with a little patient care, may do the work. Nothing can be more exquisite than the skeletons produced from the leaves of some of our commonest trees.

EYES AND EARS. By Henry Ward Beecher. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Philad'a: Wm. S. Martien & Co.

A title-page usually suggests an idea of the book, unless the book be a novel. In the case before us, "Eyes and Ears" will not help one in ten to a true guess. When we inform our readers, however, that most of the brief articles in Mr. Beecher's volume originally appeared in the New York Ledger, under the head of "Thoughts as they Occur, by one who keeps his Eyes and Ears open," the meaning of his title will appear. If you look at nature or at men, through Mr. Beecher's eyes, you can hardly fail to be interested. He has the remarkable faculty of seeing a great deal, and of remembering what he sees. "How natural! How truthful!" you say, as you read him. You recognize his limnings as correct, and wonder why you had not noted the same things as striking or peculiar. Gifted, independent, defiant towards conventional wrongs, on the side of free speech and free men, outright and downright, generally clear-seeing, but not always sound in judgment, Mr. Beecher is a man to sway the multitude, and to meet quick responses from quick feeling men. His influence is large, and on the side of progress. He is a pioneer man. Such men always have enemies, because they assail wrongs, and hurt those who live by the existence of wrong, or falsehood. But the world is better because they have lived and spoken.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

OUR MORAL ATMOSPHERE.

Did it ever strike you, oh reader! that at different times, and under widely different influences, you are yourself a different person; and that your feelings, thoughts, views, on many points, are susceptible of great changes and fluctuations?

Especially will this be the case if you are young, impulsive, susceptible. The older one grows—the more years and experience ripen character for good or for evil, the less pervious do they become to the influences, stimulants, and moral temperature of those with whom they are brought into social relations.

But probably no man or woman ever reaches such a pachydermatous state as to be acted upon, and receive some impulsion for good or for evil, from those with whom they do most frequently associate; and the stronger one's approbateness, the keener one's sensitiveness, the warmer one's sympathies, and the quicker one's impressibility, the more necessity for being on one's guard against those persons and influences which do not refine, elevate, purify.

We are all aware that in the society of some persons the things, the aims, the purposes, which are to us of highest value and deepest concern in life, seem to grow small and indistinct—and the things which, surrounded by higher influences, seemed comparatively insignificant, and to occupy a lower plane in all respects, suddenly become the things to be chiefly desired and sought after—the things which, after all, will make our chief importance and well being in life.

Now take this home—Isn't it true? Have we not all of us relatives, friends, acquaintances, in whose society our aims, and purposes, and views become modified, so subtly, that we are hardly aware of it ourselves; and riches seem sometimes the one great needful thing of life, without which there is little comfort or worth in living; and in another, dress assumes vast importance; and in another, position is greatly magnified, and so on, and the influences are as varied as the people we meet, or the soils of the human heart.

Now, there is much to watch and guard against here. There are so many people witty, generous, good-natured, most agreeable companions, whose society we enjoy, and yet who, after all, never make us any better—never reach the highest and best side of our natures, but, on the whole, imperceptibly lower our moral tone, weaken our highest purposes, check our best aspirations, and unconsciously to themselves, and us at the time, persuade us down into a lower atmosphere, a grosser one, where a pleasant, easy, enjoyable life seems the best thing, after all.

And it may be that these people, too, are in the habit of jesting about the best and noblest things of life—the things which are lovely and of good report; it would be harsh to call it sneering; it seems too much to name it ridicule; and yet, some-

how, the tone and words soil the things which you most love and reverence, and you feel they are held in slight contempt.

And with some people we utter sentiments, and make careless, thoughtless speeches; we criticise, ridicule, condemn, in a sweeping, unsparing fashion, which we would not do at another time, and the memories of which rise up, and startle and shame us in our better, more exalted moods.

There are people who never inspire our highest thoughts; before whom we should be actually afraid or ashamed to utter our deepest convictions, our loftiest aspirations; people before whom we seem to lose moral courage, and get morbidly sensitive to ridicule and wrong, and with whom our speech, thoughts, emotions inevitably drift into lower channels. Now there is no denying that all good people are not agreeable—we wish they were. There are many good men and women with whom it might often be tedious, dull and discordant to pass an hour; their habits, their culture, their faults of head or infirmities of character, may prevent them from being agreeable companions; and certainly there is no greater mistake than to suppose it is well or reasonable to be always keeping the spirit on the stretch; it is not our duty to be talking of that which underlies and overreaches all others in our hearts and lives.

We want relaxation in our talk, as well as in everything else. What we have to guard against is a "moral atmosphere," which never nourishes or inspires our better nature against subtle influences, which, like invisible threads, weave their snares about us; against all forces and tendencies which we know lower and enfeeble us. There is a moral atmosphere about every human soul, and we cannot enter some without being refreshed, invigorated, expanded.

Our souls inhale the finer atmosphere, and our aspirations take clearer forms—our purposes broader scope and deeper root; our courage glows, and the small daily life we are living is suddenly dignified and ennobled, and we catch glimpses of its real responsibilities and relations, and how its struggles, its bafflings, its defeats and its sacrifices may read at the last.

Dear reader, we are all in the world, and necessarily of it. We shall be out of it in a little time, and certainly we ought to enjoy the good and gracious, the pleasant and beautiful gifts with which its hands come to us, laden by our Father, who is in Heaven. But the sentinels must always stand on the walls of the soul; by day and by night must they look out from the watch-towers for the approach of the enemy, with whom they must be at life-long war; for the only furlough in that battle is Death—the only hospitals on that long march, the low-roofed, grass-thatched hospitals of the grave—and the only trumpet of victory, that last "Well done" of God.

V. F. T.

Eighteen Hundred Sixty-Three.

The old weaver at Time's loom, whom we christen *Eighteen Hundred Sixty-Two*, has finished his work and passed away, and now there comes to the loom another weaver, and takes the old seat, and commences the old work, and his hand is strong with its young blood, and his face kindles with joy and inspiration as there rises before him in radiant vision the new patterns and devices which shall fill the days that are the warp with which he weaves.

And so, we stand in the dawn of another year. The last sound of the dirge has died upon the air, and the new ones have struck their joyful welcome the New Year that is born to all of us.

We stand in the new January and strive to peer with our human vision down that future which we see as in a glass darkly! What gifts it has for us—what tidings of weal or woe, who shall rise up and proclaim; they are locked up in darkness and silence among its hours—the hours which will not come forth nor speak until their appointed time and utterance.

But reader, we know—you and I—that if it be ordained for us to walk down the path which leads straight and steady through all the days of this year, we shall find manifold slippery places, manifold rough passages and sharp corners, and bleak and tiresome crossings; and many pleasant ways, too, many spots carpeted with the cool green plush of summer grasses; many by-ways where sweet flowers will grow; many inns at which our souls shall lay down their scrip and staff, and take rest!

So the good and the evil will come to us, as the winter days; and the summer ones will come to this year; and as we cannot tell whether the rains or the sunshine most makes the buds to swell and the grass to sprout, so we cannot tell whether these other rains or sunshine will do most towards ripening our souls for that *Hereafter* for which they who are the children of our Father who is in Heaven do live.

Dear reader, we who stand in the birth-morn of the year, cannot tell where its death-night shall find us; but wherever it be, may it be *nearer Heaven*.

Let not our hearts fail us for fear! Of this one thing are we certain—the love and care of God, for those who trust Him! And let us make good, high earnest resolves of living and working on this New Year—resolves that shall go down into the humble and weak things of life, and exalt and sanctify them—resolves after a better, truer, more tranquil life—a life whose treasure shall be laid up where no "moth and rust of adversity" shall eat into them. And so, when the young weaver's shuttle has wrought up all the hours and days and weeks, and reached once more the pale warp of December, may it be well with us—well with us in the best sense, of something conquered, something achieved, something attained and lived in the year that has gone over us! So take once more from this right hand, and this weak pen, oh reader, then. "Be steadfast, be courageous and of good cheer!"

V. F. F.

The Sunday-School Times, published in this city, and edited by John S. Hart, is a carefully conducted weekly paper, devoted to the interests of Sabbath Schools. The publishers, Messrs. J. C. Garrigues & Co., No. 148 South Fourth St., Philadelphia, give special attention to the supply of Sabbath School books. Superintendents, and others in want of class and library books, would do well to write to them for catalogues, prices, etc. They will find them prompt and reliable.

For Premiums, see second page of cover. Every subscriber, who sends \$2, is entitled to a choice of these premiums. Every getter up of a club, large or small, is entitled to a choice. On fourth page of cover, see prospectus and full terms.

A new serial story by T. S. Arthur, entitled "Out in the World," is commenced in this number of *Home Magazine*.

HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1863.

As we said in the closing number for 1862, we say in the opening number for 1863. The *HOME MAGAZINE* will be conducted in the interests of morality and religion, those solid bases on which alone prosperity and happiness are built. It will, as heretofore, embrace all the varied themes of human interest, discussing them in essay, rhyme or story; unfolding the true, and exposing the evil, that the beauty of the one and the deformity of the other may be seen. In the character, scope, and plan of the *HOME MAGAZINE* no change will be made; but we shall labor for increased interest, usefulness and value in all its departments. The true worth of any periodical lies in the quality of its reading matter, and herein we have ever striven for, and claim a solid merit.

It is gratifying to know, that there is a steady increase in that class of readers who look for something more than simple amusement; who select a book or a periodical, because in it they find true thought, a reflex of human nature as it is, and genuine inspirations towards progress and a good life. From such readers of the *Home Magazine*, in the past year, we have received many gratifying and encouraging letters, and for such we shall still gather for our pages things pure and true, things good and noble.

It is an old mistake, that a high degree of literary interest is incompatible with a strict regard to moral influence. The affirmation comes from a puritan and corrupt taste. The higher sympathies—the deeper and stronger emotions—may be stirred and excited without a shadow falling over virtue, or the purest imagination receiving a shock. On this assumption, the *Home Magazine* is, and will continue to be edited. Our aim is to make it a social power on the side of good; and in our efforts to this end, we shall endeavor to cast upon its pages the glow of human feeling, so that the heart of every reader may respond with living pleasure.

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Prospectus for 1863!

The Saturday Evening Post.

The publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

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Whose domestic sketches are so greatly admired.

During the coming year THE POST will endeavor to maintain its high reputation for CHOICE STORIES, SKETCHES, AND POETRY. Special departments shall also be devoted as heretofore to AGRICULTURE, WIT AND HUMOR, RECEIPTS, NEWS, MARKETS, &c.

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Contents of Home Magazine, February, 1863.

SOMEBODY'S SON. By MINNIE W. MAY.....	P. 76
ALICE CARY.....	77
SHE FELL ASLEEP.....	77
LIZZIE GREENE. By LUCY N. GODFREY.....	78
PAGES FROM A PLEASANT BOOK.....	83
TO URIEL. By Mrs. ELIZA H. BARKER.....	90
SONG FOR SPRING.....	93
GRANDMA'S CONQUEST. By M'LE CAPRICE.....	91
ONE MAN'S WORK. By VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.....	90
HIS COMING.....	100
KINGS AND QUEENS OF ENGLAND.....	107
OUT IN THE WORLD. By T. S. ARTHUR. Chapters IV, V, and VI.....	109
SYMPATHY. By J. WILLIAM VON NANCE.....	118
MEMORIES OF THE PAST. By J. H. CLINTON.....	118
HOW IT HAPPENED. By J. G. A.....	119
BEFORE AND AFTER THE STORM. By L. P. MAYER.....	120
EARNESTNESS.....	120
LETTERS TO THE GIRLS. By AUNT HATTIE.....	121
MISQUOTATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.....	122
LAY SERMONS:	
Through the Valley and under the Cloud.....	123
MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT:	
The Children's Sunday; by J. E. M'C.—Treatment of Infants; by Hattie Hopeful.....	125
BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY:	
Willie's Trouble; by Minnie W. May.....	126
HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS:	
Look over the Old Wardrobe; by J. E. M'C.—The way to make an Omelet—Meringues—Lady Huntington's Pudding—To Re-japan Old Trays—Fig Pudding.....	128
HEALTH DEPARTMENT:	
Taking Cold.....	129
NEW PUBLICATIONS.....	131
EDITORS' DEPARTMENT:	
"Things we Talk About"—After the Fight—An Autumn Day—A Pleasant Journey.....	134

ILLUSTRATIONS.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Steel Plate—Reading the News. | 5. White Muslin Morning Robe. |
| 2. Ready for the Question. | 6. Braiding Pattern—Needlework Pattern—Handkerchief Corner. |
| 3. Needlework Patterns—Braiding for Cloth Table-Cover. | 7. Braiding Patterns. |
| 4. Foulard Silk Evening Dress. | 8. Breakfast Cap—Braiding Pattern. |

OUR PREMIUMS.

We call them "Premiums;" but we regard them as only a fair return to those who make up clubs for the *Home Magazine*. In addition to the "ENGLISH HOMESTEAD," of which a very large number were distributed last year, we now have "SHAKSPEARE AND HIS COTEMPORARIES," copied from a splendid proof print, and "MERCY'S DREAM," from Huntington's celebrated picture.

Speaking of these choice prints, Godey's *Lady's Book*, says:—"We have received from the publishers of Arthur's *Home Magazine*, two splendid copies of celebrated pictures, which they offer as premiums to all who get up clubs. The first is a large and exquisitely photographed copy of 'SHAKSPEARE AND HIS COTEMPORARIES.' The second is a similar copy in size and style, of Huntington's 'MERCY'S DREAM.' Whoever secures one of these premiums, will get a rare work of art. They are both of exquisite tone and finish."

See Prospectus on fourth page of cover.

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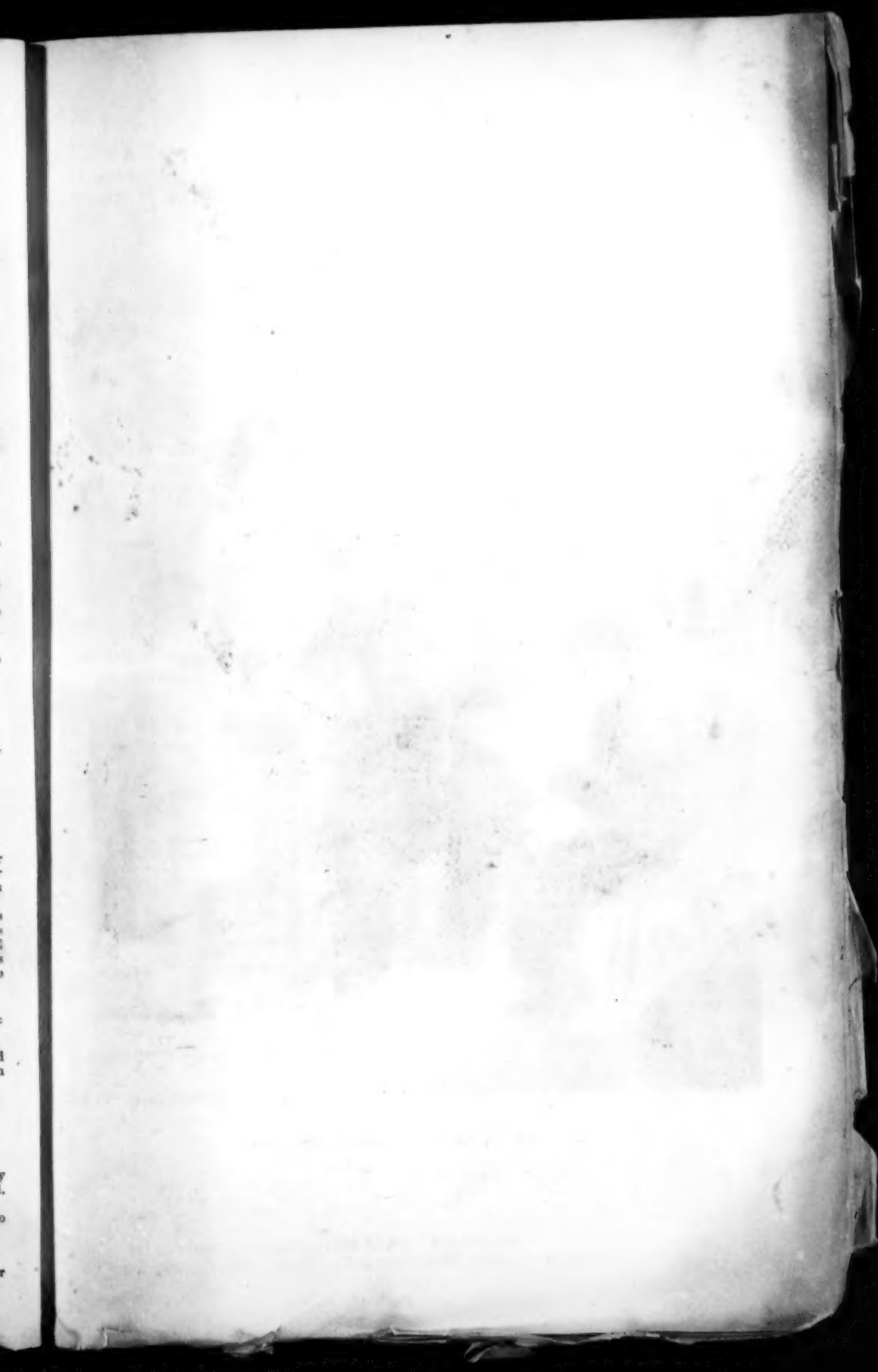
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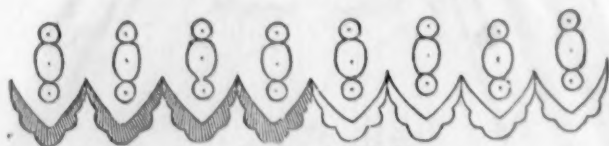
WHITE MUSLIN MORNING ROBE.

Trimmed en tablier with tucks and flouncing. A large cape, formed of tucks and bands, covers the entire corsage.

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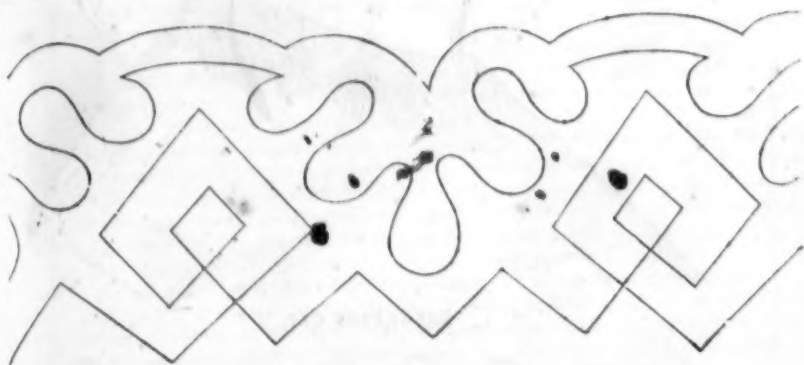
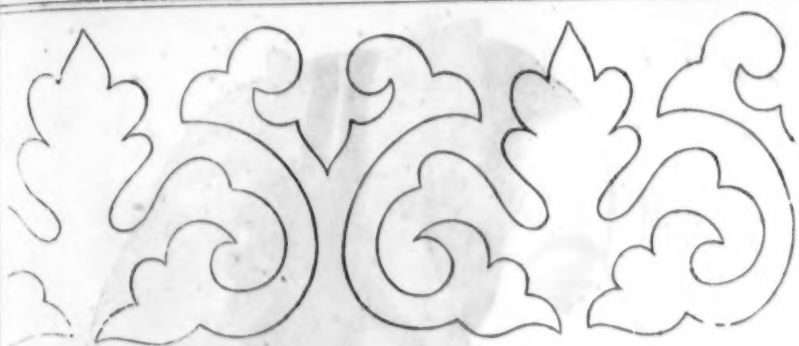


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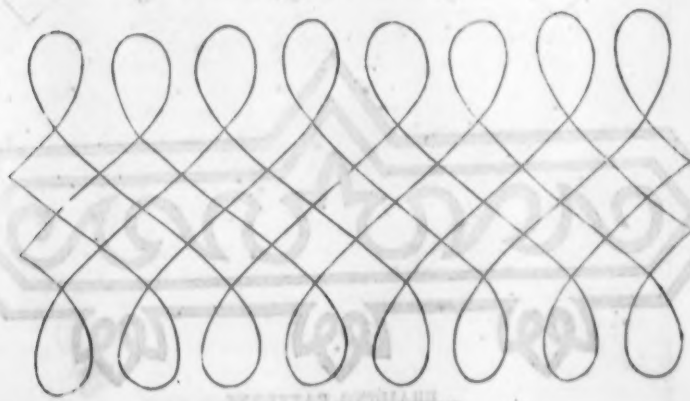
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